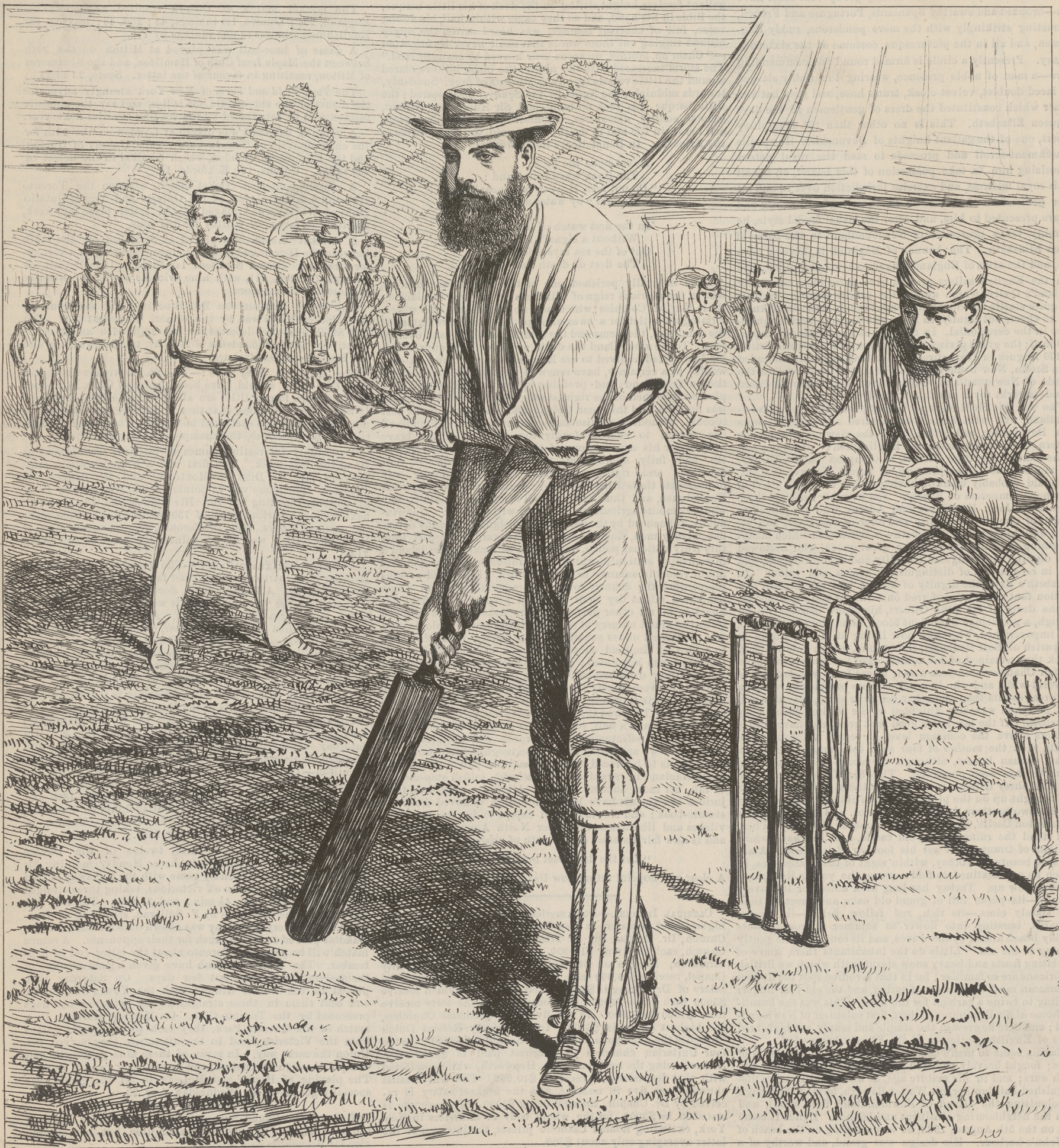


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THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS.—MR. GRACE AT THE WICKET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT,
FIRST COLONISER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(By our Newfoundland Correspondent.)

In my last communication I gave some account of Sebastian Cabot, the discoverer of Newfoundland. I propose to follow it up with a slight sketch of a few other famous men connected with Newfoundland in the olden time, beginning with Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

Passing over the eighty-six years which followed the discovery of the Island by Cabot, we come to the year 1583, or two hundred and eighty-nine years ago. On the 15th of August, in that year, there were lying in the harbour of St. John's thirty-six vessels belonging to various nations. A few of these were English, and the others Portuguese, Spanish and French. In addition to these, there were three English vessels which had arrived the day before, whose names were "The Delight," "The Golden Hind," and "The Swallow." Early on this morning, boats were lowered from these ships, and the commander and officers went ashore. Soon a goodly company had assembled on the beach, then lined by a few wooden huts of the rudest description, and "fish-flakes" for drying the cod. The rough inmates of these huts gathered round the company which had landed from the English ships; and the captains of the other vessels were there by special summons. A very curious and motley group that must have been—bronzed and swarthy Spaniards, Portuguese and French, contrasting strikingly with the more ponderous, ruddy Englishmen, and all in the picturesque costume of the sixteenth century. Presently a circle is formed round one commanding figure—a man of noble presence, wearing the richly slashed and laced doublet, velvet cloak, trunk hose, and gray hat and feather which constituted the dress of gentlemen in the days of Queen Elizabeth. This is no other than Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of the gallant knights of Devonshire. He unrolls a parchment-scroll and proceeds to read the royal patent authorizing him to take possession of this Island, on behalf of his royal mistress, and exercise jurisdiction over it, and all other possessions of the Crown in these regions. Twig and sod are presented to him, and after the usual feudal style, he solemnly takes possession of Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth. The banner of England is hoisted on a pole, and the arms of England affixed to a wooden pillar; and then the English sailors present give three lusty cheers for England's Queen, which awake the echoes among the hills and quite startle the Spaniards and French, who don't know how to cheer, but signify, in their own fashion, their acquiescence in the ceremonial. In this way is the island taken possession of; the grant giving Sir Humphrey Gilbert jurisdiction for 200 leagues in every direction, so that the limits included Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, part of Labrador, as well as the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island—a right royal principality truly.

Who was this Sir Humphrey Gilbert, first coloniser of Newfoundland, who with some two hundred and fifty followers from Devonshire, had arrived with the view of making this western wilderness a home for Englishmen? He was a son of the famous Sir Otho Gilbert, of Compton Castle, Torbay. His mother was a Champenoun, of purest Norman descent, and could probably boast of having in her veins the blood of Courtneys, Emperors of Byzantium. She bore her husband three brave sons, John, Humphrey and Adrian, who all proved to be men of remarkable ability and force of character, and all three were knighted by Elizabeth—a distinction which meant something from the hands of the great queen, who bestowed that dignity with singular frugality and discrimination, and only in recognition of distinguished genius and valour. In Elizabeth's days, the dignity of knight was the highest distinction that could be conferred on a warrior and a gentleman. On the death of Sir Otho Gilbert, his widow married Walter Raleigh, a gentleman of ancient blood, none older in the land, but impoverished, who was now living at Hayes, a farm in the parish of East Badleigh, Devonshire, which was the only wreck that remained of his estate. To her second husband the fair Champenoun bore a son, whose fame was destined to be world-wide, and who in a period more prolific of great men and great events than any other before or since, played a gallant part, and was also knighted as Sir Walter Raleigh by Elizabeth. If the law holds good that great men have always mothers above the common level, in regard to intellect and worth, then the mother of four such sons must have been a grand woman indeed, although no record of her personal character has been preserved. Thus Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert were half brothers. Young Raleigh was brought up on the pleasant farm of Hayes; while Gilbert and his two brothers dwelt in the quaint and gloomy towers of Compton Castle, amid the apple orchards of Torbay. There still stand the ruins of this old castle, near Brixham, where William of Orange first set his foot on British soil. Amid the soft beauty of Torbay, within sight of the restless sea, in which he was destined to find a grave, the young Humphrey Gilbert grew up. Torbay has long been noted for its lovely scenery—its parks full of grand old oaks and chestnut trees and stately elms, its rich, red fallow fields, its apple orchards, bursting into flower as summer approached—its pebbly beach kissed by the waves, and its rounded hills gently sloping to the sea. Little do the inhabitants there know of the biting frosts and heavy snow storms with which we British Americans are so familiar; for in that favoured spot the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year lingers smiling to twine a garland for the new. This was the beautiful home of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, first coloniser of Newfoundland; and here he grew in the simple and manly, yet high-bred ways of English gentlemen of the Elizabethan period.

Having come to man's estate, he embraced the profession of arms; fought bravely and won distinction in continental and Irish wars; and in his mature age, he and his still more distinguished half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, formed the design of colonising the Island of Newfoundland first of all, and then the neighbouring continent and islands. Hence it came that on the 5th August, 1583, he was standing on the beach of St. John's harbour. His design was grand, and worthy of a

heroic, patriotic nobleman. But how inscrutable to us are the ways of Providence! His expedition, so nobly planned and so ably conducted, met only with disappointment and finally disaster. He was the first to issue the laws by which the fisheries were for a long time afterwards regulated. He established the English laws, constitution and church government; made it penal for anyone to attempt anything prejudicial to the new dominion, and levied contributions on all fishing vessels. But the task of founding a colony on these rugged shores was no easy one, with the materials at hand. Among the adventurers on board his little squadron were some most unruly spirits, and not a few pirates who had been condemned to service in the fleet, by way of punishment. These were the cause of great trouble to the leader, fostering disaffection, desertion and mutiny. The prospect of wintering on such a bleak coast was most distasteful to such men, and they began to desert in all directions. Sickness, too, invaded the little company, and the Admiral embarked those suffering from disease for England, in the *Swallow*. Soon after he set out on a surveying expedition along the coast. One of his vessels, the *Delight*, struck on a shoal and became a wreck. Only the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel* now remained, and there was nothing for it but to return to England. Sir Humphrey was on board the *Squirrel*, a little nutshell of ten tons. He was urged to go on board the other ship, but his heroic answer was "no, I will not forsake my little company with whom I have passed through so many storms and perils." They reached the parallel of the Azores in safety; but there encountered a terrible storm which made the hearts of the bravest quail. Sir Humphrey alone retained his self-possession. Those on board the *Golden Hind* could see the gallant fearless knight sitting on the deck of his little barque, the Bible in his hand, and as they came within hail, his strong voice, full of cheerful courage, was heard across the angry billows ringing out those words that shall never be forgotten—"Cheer up, brother, we are as near heaven by sea as by land." The storm increased with the night; the black billows roared around the little vessels like hungry beasts of prey. Suddenly, towards midnight, the lights in the *Squirrel* disappeared; the little barque was seen no more, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, scholar, soldier, discoverer, coloniser and philosopher, pious and heroic in life and in death, sank amid the dark waves of the Atlantic. In Longfellow's noble words:

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand:
"Do not fear, Heaven is as near,"
He said "by water as by land."

In the first watch of the night
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea mysteriously
The deed of death rose all around.

Thus tragically perished one of the bravest adventurers, who in the glorious reign of Elizabeth led the way in planting those English Colonies which now dot the globe, and which, forming an outlet for a swarming population, have extended the dominion, the arms and the commerce of England over all seas. To Newfoundland the death of Gilbert was an irreparable loss. Had he lived to see England again, he and Raleigh would, to a certainty, have renewed their efforts at colonization in this island; and profiting by past errors, would have planted here men of the right stamp. But his work on earth was finished, and this poor Colony had to struggle on as best it could, without such wise and noble helpers. Newfoundland has reason to cherish fondly the memory of the brave knight, for his name is one of the brightest in her annals. He had fully appreciated the enormous value of her fisheries; and rightly concluded that the proper way to prosecute those fisheries was by colonizing the country with Englishmen, and thus raising up a resident population, who would combine agricultural pursuits with fishing. Unfortunately, influenced by the narrow, short-sighted counsels of selfish, greedy men, England was led afterwards to depart from this truly national policy, and to aim at making the island a mere fishing station to which those interested in the fisheries might resort in summer to cure their fish. Interested persons represented the country to be a mere barren rock, on which fishermen might dry their nets and prepare their fish, but hopeless for all other purposes. The fisheries were believed to be the grand nursery of seamen for the navy. Colonization was prohibited under penalties. The fishing population were to return to England on the approach of each winter. No Governor was appointed; no laws were enforced, excepting the arbitrary decisions of "fishing admirals" as they were called, who were merely the first skippers who happened to make the ports in spring, and who were local despots for the time being. This was the stupid policy which, being followed for a century and a half, retarded the progress of the country, and repressed effectually the enterprise and energies of the people. If we are to-day behind the neighbouring provinces, the cause is to be traced to this monstrous policy which long made England be regarded here as a harsh, selfish step-mother to this, her most ancient colony. All these absurd and injurious enactments have long since been removed from the statute-book; and Newfoundland enjoys to-day the same privileges and liberties as the other North American colonies, and is now fairly started on the path of progress.

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

A clear and hopeful future now lies before her.

CLERICAL INCOMES.—An American paper notices that the highest-paid ministers in New York city are, in the Episcopal Church, Dr. Morgan Dix of Trinity, and Dr. Potter of Grace Church, each receiving \$12,000. Drs. Montgomery of the Incarnation, Morgan of St. Thomas, and Swope of Trinity Chapel, receive \$10,000 each. In the Presbyterian Church the salary of Dr. Spring is \$8000. Ten other clergymen receive \$5000 each; two \$6000; the remainder of the forty receive from \$1000 to \$4000. In the five Congregational Churches, the highest salary is \$6000. In the twenty Reform Dutch Churches the average is \$3000, and the highest \$8000. In the four Unitarian churches the highest paid is \$8000.—Dr. Bellows being the recipient. Mr. Hepworth, while connected with that denomination, received \$10,000. The Universalist churches are five in number, and the highest salary is received by Dr. Chapin, the sum being \$5000. The average is stated to be \$3000, for the whole body of ministers in New York, excluding Roman Catholic priests, the incomes of the latter averaging only about \$800.

FIELD AND FLOOD.

Guelph beat London on the 30th at cricket by four wickets. The celebrated "Milesian" was doctored at Decker Park the other day.

The Nova Scotia Provincial Rifle competition commenced at Bedford on the 27th ult.

The 87th Fusiliers defeated the Royal Artillery at cricket at Halifax on the 27th ult.

Mr. E. Daniels, the champion billiard player of Massachusetts, has been playing at St. John, N.B.

The race between the Shamrock Canoe Club of Ottawa and the Desert Indians for \$100 a side has been postponed.

The New Hamburg Maple Leaf Cricket Club were beaten on Saturday week by the Haysville club by seven wickets.

The Dominion Provincial Cup was won on Thursday week by the English Quebec Battalion, and is now their property.

Lochiel won the steeple chase race at Long Branch on the 29th. Distance, about three miles; time, 9 min. 14½ seconds.

The Junior Victorias of Bowmanville defeated the Dauntless Base-ball club of Toronto on the 26th by three runs.

It is proposed to have a boat race at Halifax, to include boats belonging to the Halifax Sailing Club and all others not over 22 feet keel.

The three mile scull race on the Hudson River on the 28th ult., was won by Deeley, who beat Englehart easily. Time: 23 min. 10 seconds.

The cricket match at Ottawa resulted as follows:—England, 201; Ottawa, 1st innings, 41; 2nd, 48; leaving the Englishmen winners in one innings by 112.

A game of base-ball was played at Milton on the 30th between the Maple Leaf Club of Hamilton, and the Sycamores of Milton, resulting in favour of the latter. Score, 23 to 33.

The *Turf, Field and Farm* of New York strongly advocates the disuse of the side-saddle for ladies, and say the opposite fashion will be introduced by the leading families next year.

A game of base-ball was played at London on the 28th for the championship of Canada between the Unions of Guelph and the Eckfords of London, which resulted in the defeat of the latter. Unions, 19; Eckfords, 18.

A closely contested cricket match, between the Toronto club and a mixed eleven of the Ontario and Young Ontario clubs of Whitby, was played at the latter place last week, resulting in favour of Whitby by five runs.

A cricket match was played at Stratford on the 28th between the Detroit and Stratford clubs, resulting in a victory for Stratford. Score: Stratford 1st innings, 152; Detroit 1st innings, 70; 2nd, 111, with nine wickets down. 61 was the highest individual score.

The match between the Red Stockings and the Montreal Base Ball club was won by the former. Scores 63 to 3. The Red Stockings also defeated, on the 26th, 27th and 28th respectively, the Independents of Dundas, the Ottawa Club, and the Pastimes of Ogdensburg.

The Kingston *Whig* says:—"The St. Lawrence Base Ball Club (the name should have been *Catarqui* Club, in honour of Kingston's former title) are about to make their first tour. It was evident all along that they meant business, and we are not surprised at this early and bold step. They are first to attack the Guelph Club, the champions of Canada.

Two highly interesting games of billiards were played at Hamilton last week. The first was a French carom game between Mr. J. Dion, of Montreal, and Mr. Bennett, of Toronto. The game was 75 points up, and was won by Dion, his opponent making but 19. His highest run was 31. The next was an American game of 750 points up, Mr. Dion playing against Messrs. May, of Toronto, Egner and Phelan, of Hamilton. Dion won by 45 points, his greatest run being 213.

A NOVEL BREAKFAST PARTY.—The members of the Dover Bathing Club partook of breakfast lately under rather novel circumstances. A floating table, decorated with flowers, was anchored in the bay, and upon it were laid out cups of hot coffee, eggs, bread-and-butter, &c. About twenty members of the club then entered the water, swam to the table, and drank their coffee, &c., the conditions being that no one was to touch the table itself. This necessitated a good knowledge of the art of "treading water," and there was plenty of fun for quite half an hour, when the repast was finished.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS.—The following is the official programme of the movements of the English Cricketers:—

Toronto—A week from September 1st to 7th (Saturday.) Two matches, an excursion on Lake Couchiching, &c. On Saturday evening to London—Play at London on Monday and Tuesday, September 9th and 10th. Thence on Wednesday to Hamilton—Thursday and Friday, 12th and 13th. Niagara Falls—Saturday and Sunday. Thence on Monday 16th to New York—Play there Wednesday and Thursday, 18th and 19th, leaving in time to play at Philadelphia on Saturday, 21st. They leave Philadelphia for Boston. Thence to Quebec to sail for home on Saturday, 28th.

LACROSSE MATCHES.—The first twelve of the Dakota Lacrosse Club of Toronto, left here Monday morning for Woodstock, to play a friendly game with the Mohawks of that place. The Dakota came off victorious, taking three straight games. Time: 4 min., 4½ min., and 37 min. The ball was put through the first game by F. Sullivan, second by C. Donnelly. Some very good play was shown on both sides, but the Dakotas proved to be too much for their opponents. A return match will be played in Toronto about the latter end of September. The Tecumseh Club have given a good account of themselves during the last few days. On Saturday they played on the Cricket Ground with the Young Shamrocks, and beat them in three straight games, winning the flags presented by the Toronto Club. On Monday morning, in a match in the Queen's Park, they took three straight games from the Victorias; and in the afternoon they served the Union the same way. In seven of these nine games the ball was put through by Spotton, and in the other two by Dexter. The playing of Hooke and McLean in all the games was specially good.—*Globe*, Wednesday, Aug. 23.

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is not only the most reliable remedy for consumption, but is a specific also for Bronchitis and Asthma.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. W. G. GRACE AT THE WICKET.

The portrait of the champion cricketer of the world is one which will prove very welcome to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS. As a batter and a fielder Mr. W. G. Grace is unsurpassed, while his bowling—medium pace—is very much above the average. Below we give his record for the seasons of 1870 and 1871:

	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Innings.	Match.	not out.	Average.
1870	21	33	215	221	5	54	26
1871	25	35	2739	268	268	4	78

The following is Lillywhite's account of the largest scorer and safest bat that ever played:—"Whether we consider his aggregate, his average, or the ten three-figure innings played by him in first-class matches, each is immeasurably superior to anything ever recorded. He is not only the largest scorer and safest bat that ever played, but also the quickest run-getter off first-class bowling. His "timing" and "placing" the ball is the feature of his batting in which especially he has no rival, and the number of runs he gets between short-leg and mid-on off difficult balls of a good length which it would puzzle most of even the best batsmen to stop, is almost incredible. A good medium-pace bowler, getting many wickets, but still expensive. A magnificent field anywhere, especially at point; a capital judge of the game."

THE YORK PIONEERS' CELEBRATION.

Friday, the 16th ult., was a day of great rejoicing among the members of the York Pioneers' Association and the other patriotic societies of Centre Ontario. The grounds about Brock's Monument, at Queenstown, were on that day the scene of a festive gathering of Canadian patriots who assembled to do honour to the memory of the great general, and to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the capture of Detroit in 1812. The societies represented at the pic-nic were: the York Pioneers, Toronto, Rev. Dr. Richardson, President; the Loyal Canadian Society of Grimsby, Mr. T. C. Mewburn, President; the Loyal Canadian Society of Niagara, Mr. J. T. Kerby, President; the Loyal Canadian Society of Chatham, Mr. Thomas McRae, President; the Native Canadian Society of Belleville, Mr. A. Diamond, President; the Native Canadian Society of Hamilton, Mr. W. F. McMahon, President; the St. Catharines Historical Society, Mr. J. P. Merritt, President. Among the gentlemen on the ground were Col. R. L. Denison, Rev. D. Richardson, Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Rev. George Ryerson, Messrs. R. H. Oates, Alex. Hamilton, Dr. Thorburn, Dr. Canniff, and Mr. J. G. Hodgins, L.L.B., Toronto; Judge George Jarvis, Cornwall; Col. McFarlane, St. Catharines; Mr. T. C. Mewburn, Grimsby; W. E. McMahon, Hamilton; R. Davy, Belleville, &c. Among those on the ground were several who had fought in the war of 1812, and who bore scars that they then received. After lunching in small groups in a beautiful grove near the monument, which, by the way, was decorated with flags, the majority of the pic-nickers assembled around a platform to listen to a number of addresses that constituted a part of the programme of the day's proceedings.

We are indebted to the *Art Journal* for our illustration, and the following description, of

THE RETURN OF THE RUNAWAY.

The painter of this picture is one of our younger school of artists, who, but a comparatively few years since, worked his way into a favourable position as a delineator of *genre* subjects, and has succeeded in maintaining it. In 1863 his name appeared among a series of "British Artists," when we pointed out the "style and character" of his works; and it will be found, on reference to his subsequent productions, that they differ in but little degree, so far as subject is concerned, from his earlier pictures. For example:—"The New Cap," "Good-bye, Baby," "Going to School," "The Labourer's Reward," "Sissy's Lesson," "Bricks," "Good Night, Father!" "The Empty Cradle," and "Crums from a Poor Man's Table," all supply ample evidence of fidelity to his early faith. Only in one instance, so far as we remember, has Mr. Clark ventured upon anything like new ground; and that is in a picture of "Ruth and Naomi," exhibited last year in the Academy; and even here the domestic character of the subject assimilates so closely, though borrowed from Scripture narrative, to scenes of every-day occurrence among ourselves, that it scarcely stands apart from his other works: it is a domestic incident, and the feeling that traces such on canvas, however different are the costumes, physiognomies, &c., is the same, whether the subject be of ancient Oriental or of modern English origin.

Whatever of success may have attended an artist's labours in a particular department, it may be doubted if, as a rule, he does not in some degree at least compromise his independence and do injustice to himself by keeping so strictly within its limits. If he has already reached a high point of greatness in the most elevated rank of Art-work, he would probably peril his reputation by departing from it. Wilkie did so in a great measure when he brought his Spanish subjects before the public: the genius of the painter was far from being undervalued in these pictures, but they added nothing to, and rather detracted from, the honours gained by such works as "Reading the Will," "Distressing for Rent," and a multitude of others of a similar kind. We would kindly drop a hint to Mr. Clark to endeavour to get out of the labourer's cottage, and bid adieu at least for a while, to the family: we are sure he has in him good stuff that would justify a venture in some other field of action.

His "Return of the Runaway," exhibited at the British Institution in 1862, is undoubtedly one of the best works he has painted. When English boys leave their homes clandestinely it is generally to get to sea; and often one or two voyages curb their wandering spirits. But this "runaway" has evidently been absent for years, and has grown into manhood, so that when he again seeks the parental roof he is as a stranger to the old folk: the expression of doubt on the father's face, as the seaman declares his relationship, is capitally rendered, while the mother fixes her eyes on him with a kind of half-recognition, as if to trace out some line or mark that would set all uncertainty at rest. The picture, like all Mr. Clark does, is very carefully painted in all its details.

A HAY-CART RIDE AT MURRAY BAY

gives a very common scene on the road to that favourite place for pic-nics, Grand Lake, eleven miles from Murray Bay.

A biographical notice of

THE HON. J. H. GRAY,

who has recently been appointed to the Bench of British Columbia, will be found on page 149.

ELECTION SCENES IN MONTREAL.

The results of the elections in Montreal on Wednesday week—the unexpected majorities of both opposition candidates—were the cause of much rejoicing among their partisans, who celebrated their victory in a most triumphant manner. At the close of the poll every conveyance that could possibly be had was pressed into the service, and an immense procession was formed, headed by two brass bands. After driving through the principal streets, there was an immense gathering at St. Patrick's Hall, where the Hon. John Young spoke in appropriate terms of the honour the electors had conferred upon him. Mr. Jetté also addressed his constituents in another part of the city. A grand torchlight procession was afterwards formed, which marched through the principal streets. Our artist has chosen as subjects for illustration the meeting of Mr. Young's and Mr. Jetté's processions at Viger Square, where the two united, and Mr. Young addressing his supporters.

A special article descriptive of the

MANUFACTURE OF PEAT AT LAPIGEONNIÈRE

is given on page 157.

THE ELECTIONS.

The following is the list of members elected up to Tuesday:—

ONTARIO.		M.	O.	I.
Addington, Shibley		1	0	0
Algoma, Robinson		1	0	0
Bothwell, Mills		0	1	0
Brant, North, Fleming		0	1	0
Brand, South, Patterson		0	1	0
Brockville, Buell		0	1	0
Bruce, North, Gillies		0	1	0
Bruce, South, Blake		0	1	0
Carleton, Rochester		1	0	0
Cardwell, Hon. J. H. Cameron		1	0	0
Cornwall, Bergin		0	1	0
Dundas, Gibson		0	1	0
Durham, Ross		0	1	0
Durham, West, Blake		0	1	0
Elgin, East, Harvey		0	1	0
Elgin, West, Casey		0	1	0
Essex, O'Connor		1	0	0
Frontenac, Kirkpatrick		1	0	0
Glengarry, MacDonald		0	1	0
Grenville, S. R. Brouse		0	1	0
Grey, East, Flesher		1	0	0
Grey, North, Snider		0	1	0
Grey, South, Landerkin		0	1	0
Haldimand, Thompson		0	1	0
Halton, White		0	1	0
Hamilton, Chisholm		1	0	0
"Witton		1	0	0
Hastings, N. R. Bowell		1	0	0
Hastings, W. R. Brown		1	0	0
Hastings, East, White		1	0	0
Huron, Centre, Horton		0	1	0
Huron, North, Farrow		1	0	0
Huron, South, Cameron		0	1	0
Kent, Stephenson		1	0	0
Kingston, Sir John A. Macdonald		1	0	0
Lanark, N. R. Galbraith		0	1	0
Lanark, S. R. Haggart		1	0	0
Lambton, McKenzie		0	1	0
Leeds, South, Richards		0	1	0
Leeds and Grenville, N. R. Jones		1	0	0
Lennox, Cartwright		0	1	0
Lincoln, Merritt		1	0	0
London, Carling		1	0	0
Middlesex, East, Glass		1	0	0
Middlesex, North, Scatcherd		0	1	0
Middlesex, West, Ross		0	1	0
Monck, Edgar		0	1	0
Muskoka, Cockburn		0	1	0
Niagara, Morisson		1	0	0
Norfolk, South, Wallace		1	0	0
Norfolk, North, Charlton		0	1	0
Northumberland, N. R., Keeler		1	0	0
Northumberland, W. R., Cockburn		1	0	0
Ontario South, Gibbs		1	0	0
Ontario, North, Gibbs		1	0	0
Ottawa, (city) Currier		1	0	0
"Lewis		1	0	0
Oxford, North, Oliver		0	1	0
Oxford, South, Bodwell		0	1	0
Peel, Smith		0	1	0
Perth, North, Daly		1	0	0
Perth, South, Trow		0	1	0
Peterboro, E. R., Grover		1	0	0
Peterboro, West, Cluxtod		1	0	0
Prescott, Hagar		1	0	0
Prince Edward, Ross		0	1	0
Renfrew, North, Findlay		0	1	0
Renfrew, S. R., O'Reilly		1	0	0
Russell, Grant		1	0	0
Simcoe, S. R., Little		1	0	0
Simcoe, N. R., Cook		0	1	0
Stormont, Archibald		0	1	0
Toronto, West, Crawford		1	0	0
Toronto, East, Beatty		1	0	0
Toronto, Centre, Wilkes		0	1	0
Victoria, North, Staples		0	1	0
Waterloo, North, Bowman		0	1	0
Waterloo, South, Young		0	1	0
Welland, Street		1	0	0
Wellington, South, Stirtan		0	1	0
Wellington, Centre, Ross		0	1	0
Wellington, North, Higginbotham		0	1	0
Wellington, South, Stirtan		0	1	0
Wentworth, South, Rymal		0	1	0
"North, Baine		0	1	0
York, N. R., Dodge		1	0	0
York, West, Blain		0	1	0
York, E. R., Metcalfe		0	1	0

QUEBEC.

	M.	O.	I.
Argenteuil, Abbott	1	0	0
Arthabaska, Dorion	0	1	0
Bagot Gendron	1	0	0
Beauce, Pozer	0	1	0
Beauharnais, Robillard	1	0	0
Bellechasse, Fournier	0	1	0
Berthier, Paquet	0	1	0
Brome, Carter	1	0	0
Bonaventure, Robitaille	1	0	0
Chambly, Benoit	1	0	0
Champlain, Ross	1	0	0
Charlevoix, Tremblay	0	1	0
Chateaugay, Holton	0	1	0
Compton, Hon. M. Pope	1	0	0
Dorchester, Langevin	1	0	0
Gaspé, Fortin	1	0	0
Hochelaga, Beaubien	1	0	0
Huntingdon, Scriver	0	0	1
Iberville, Béchard	0	1	0
Jacques-Cartier, Laflamme	0	1	0
Joliette, Baby	1	0	0
Kamouraska, Pelletier	0	1	0
Laprairie, Pinsonnault	0	0	1
L'Assomption, Archambeault	1	0	0
Laval, Bellerose	0	0	1
Lévis, Blanchet	1	0	0
L'Islet, Casgrain	0	1	0
Lotbinière, Joly	0	1	0
Maskinongé, Boyer	0	1	0
Mégantic, Richard	0	1	0
Missisquoi, Baker	1	0	0
Montmagny, Taschereau	0	1	0
Montmorency, Langlois	1	0	0
Montcalm, Dugas	1	0	0
Montreal, Centre, Ryan	1	0	0
Montreal, West, Young	0	1	0
Montreal, East, Jetté	0	1	0
Napierville, Hon. Dorion	0	1	0
Nicolet, Gaudet	1	0	0
Ottawa County, Wright	1	0	0
Pontiac, Wright	1	0	0
Portneuf, De St. Georges	0	1	0
Quebec, West, McGreevy	1	0	0
Quebec, Centre, Cauchon	1	0	0
Quebec, East, Chauveau	1	0	0
Québec, East, Tourangeau	1	0	0
Rimouski, Fiset	0	1	0
Richelieu, Mathieu	1	0	0
Rouville, Mercier	0	1	0
St. Jean, Bourassa	0	1	0
St. Hyacinthe, Delorme	0	1	0
St. Maurice, Lacerte	1	0	0
Shefford, Huntington	0	1	0
Sherbrooke, Brooks	1	0	0
Soulanges, Lantier	0	0	1
Stanstead, Colby	1	0	0
Témiscouata, Mailloux	0	0	1
Terrebonne, Masson	0	0	1
Three Rivers, McDougall	0	0	1
Two Mountains, Prévost	0	1	0
Vaudreuil, Harwood	0	0	1
Verchères, Geoffrion	0	1	0
Wolfe & Drummond, Webb	1	0	0
Yamaska, Duguay	1	0	0

NEW BRUNSWICK.

	M.	O.	I.
Albert, Wallace	1	0	0
Carleton, Hon. O'Connell	0	0	1
Charlotte, McAdam	1	0	0
Gloucester, Anglin	0	1	0
Kent, M. Cutler	1	0	0
King's, Domville	1	0	0
Northumberland, Mitchell	1	0	0
Queen's, Ferris	1	0	0
Restigouche, Moffat	1	0	0
St. John (city), Tilley	1	0	0
St. John, (county), Burpee	1	0	0
"Palmer	1	0	0
Sunbury, C. Burpee	1	0	0
Victoria, Costigan	1	0	0
Westmoreland, Smith	1	0	0
York, Pickard	1	0	0

NOVA SCOTIA.

	M.	O.	I.
Annapolis, Ray	1	0	0
Antigonish, McDonald	1	0	0
Cape Breton, McKay and McDonald	1	0	0
Colchester, Pearson	1	0	0
Cumberland, Dr. Tupper	1	0	0
Digby, Savary	1	0	0
Guysboro, Campbell	1	0	0
Hants, Howe	1	0	0
Halifax, Almon & Tobin	1	0	0
Inverness, J. McDonald	1	0	0
Kings, Chipman	1	0	0
Lunenburg, Church	0	1	0
Pictou, McDonald	1	0	0
"Doull	1	0	0
Queen's, Forbes	1	0	0
Richmond, Levesconte	1	0	0
Shelburne, Coffin	1	0	0
Victoria, Ross	1	0	0
Yarmouth, Killam	1	0	0

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

	M.	O.	I.
New Westminster, Nelson	1	0	0
Vancouver, Hincks	1	0	0

That arch enemy of human life, an empty gun, has at last been taken fairly by the throat by the Michigan Legislature. There have probably been nearly as many deaths and injuries from firearms that were known to be unloaded, as there have been murders with firearms aimed with intent to kill, and it is time that pointing firearms at inoffensive persons "in fun" be put a stop to. The Michigan law makes it a misdemeanour, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to aim a firearm at any person, whether it be loaded or not, and if harm comes of such an act, the perpetrator is responsible criminally and pecuniarily. This is a salutary statute, and should be generally adopted. Then the joke of aiming arms at people's heads would lose its point.



MURRAY BAY.—A HAY-CART RIDE TO THE LAKE.

No. 109.—THE HON. COL. JOHN H. GRAY.

The Hon. Col. Gray was first returned to the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick in June, 1850, as Member for the City and County of St. John, and retained his seat with the exception of two short sessions from that time until the Confederation in 1867, when he resigned the Speakership and his seat, and was returned without opposition for the same constituency to the House of Commons in the Dominion Parliament. He sat in the Dominion Parliament from 1867 until its dissolution in 1871. In 1851 he became a member of the New Brunswick Government. Was appointed Attorney-General in 1856, and Speaker in 1866. In 1857 he was chosen as Umpire between Great Britain and the United States under the Treaty of Washington of 1854, for his services in which capacity he received the strong approval of Her Majesty's Government, and was shortly after, in 1860, appointed Imperial Commissioner on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, in connection with the Hon. Joseph Howe on behalf of the Tenants, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Ritchie on behalf of the Proprietors, to investigate and report upon the tenant right question in Prince Edward Island. After the Confederation he was appointed by the Dominion Government in 1868 the Dominion Arbitrator to determine in conjunction with the Hon. Judge Day on behalf of Quebec, and the Hon. Mr. Macpherson on behalf of Ontario, the division of the surplus assets and liabilities of those two Provinces, amounting to between eight and ten millions of dollars. His decision on this question in 1870 gave great dissatisfaction to the Province of Quebec, but we are compelled to say that up to this time its legality has not been successfully assailed. In January, 1871, he made a preliminary report to the Dominion Government upon the assimilation of the Civil Laws of the Provinces of Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and was in July last gazetted to the Bench of British Columbia—being a member of the Bar of New

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



THE HON. COL. JOHN HAMILTON GRAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

Brunswick and of Nova Scotia, a Barrister of Osgoode Hall, Ontario, and one of the Queen's Counsel of New Brunswick.

Col. Gray has taken the degrees of A.B. of King's College, Nova Scotia, and D.C.L. of the University of New Brunswick. He is the author of several pamphlets and works involving much research. His awards under the Treaty of Washington and his still later work on the Confederation of the Dominion of Canada, published during the present year, will long be regarded as standard authorities upon the subjects on which they treat. From his first entry into public life he has always advocated the union of the Maritime Provinces with Canada, having as far back as 1849—during the then stormy period of political excitement—proposed a resolution to that effect at a public meeting held in St. John, on which occasion he drew a comparison between the position, trade, and resources of the United States at the time of the Revolution, and the position, trade, and resources of the Provinces—a comparison which was reproduced at the time with comments by the United States Press. When the question of Confederation was first submitted to the people of New Brunswick in 1865, he, with the Hon. Mr. Tilley and its other advocates, was defeated; but in the following year, on its being a second time submitted, was triumphantly returned. Col. Gray seems in the vigour of life, and apparently has many years of useful exertion before him.

We clip the following from an English paper: Miss Edith Challis, a well-known actress in London and New York, whilst travelling some months since was very attentive to an old lady, who fell ill on the journey and subsequently died. Last week Miss Challis was greatly astonished at receiving a letter from her executors to the effect that the kindness shown to the old lady had resulted in her being remembered in her will to the extent of a clear two thousand a year for life. In consequence of this she retires from the stage.



THE MONTREAL ELECTIONS.—THE HON. JOHN YOUNG ADDRESSING HIS FRIENDS AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE POLL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has now the right to put the letters M. R. G. S. after his name, which we trust will be pleasing to his Sultanship. Having written a letter to Sir Henry Rawlinson expressing his good will toward the Livingstone relief expedition, he has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society.

In England the necessity of replenishing the oak and other forest trees yearly cut down for building and other purposes, has for some time been attracting attention. There are now about 40,000 acres of young oaks and other growing timber planted in enclosure by authority of acts of Parliament, of which 10,000 were planted last year. In this country, where our forests appear to be almost inexhaustible, it seems scarcely necessary to take any step towards replacing the yearly destruction of "the monarchs of the forest;" yet it seems to us that the wholesale destruction of timber which is yearly going on without any provision for renewing the supply is a mistaken policy, and that we might profitably adopt the Japanese rule, which is that whenever an old tree is cut down a young one has to be planted in its place, unless the land is needed for agriculture or building purposes.

Says the *Court Journal*:—"A new industrial art under the name of 'heliographic printing,' the invention of M. Jozs, is now attracting attention in Paris. This process is said to enable an artist to make his own designs and drawings, to print from them upon photographic paper, and reproduce the same upon lithographic stone, so as to obtain impressions of his own work, in the minutest details, independent of the engraver or lithographic draughtsman." As this process—or one similar—is used to print the plates of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, it hardly deserves the title of "a new industrial art." For three years past our artists have made their own designs and drawings, printed from them on photographic paper, and reproduced the same upon lithographic stone, independent of the engraver or lithographic draughtsman.

The New York Legislature has certainly taken a decided step in the right direction by passing an act providing for the pensioning of teachers of public schools after twelve years' service. It is nothing more than simple justice that the men and women who have spent the best years of their lives educating the youth of their generation, should have some provision made for their old age. The salary of school teachers is small—ridiculously small in some cases—and they have little chance of doing more than meeting their wants as they rise, and many of them have to puzzle hard to do that, so that it is seldom that they can make any provision for old age; it is, therefore, only just that they who have spent their lives in the service of the State should be supported by the State in their declining years. How long is it to be before we have some such provision made for the school teachers of Canada, or that their salaries be raised, as we advised in a late issue, so that they may be able to make some provision for themselves.

It is said that the appellation of the Emerald Isle was first applied to Ireland by Dr. Drennan, a poet who flourished in the latter part of the last century. It occurs in the following lines from his poem "Erin":

"When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God blessed the green island. He saw it was good.
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone
In the ring of this world the most precious stone.
Arm of Erin, prove strong: but be gentle as brave,
And, uplifted to strike, still be ready to save;
Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of the men of the Emerald Isle."

It does not take long for our Cousins across the line 45 to take a hint and organise a great "enterprise" of some kind; but their last exploit in this line takes the character of a gigantic swindle. It is yet fresh in the minds of our readers what an excitement was caused by the discovery of diamonds in South Africa, and how many thousands of apparently sane people were suddenly bitten by the diamond fever, and at once started for the Cape to make their fortunes; some have undoubtedly done so, but by far the greatest number will return from whence they came, poorer and—let us hope—wiser men. Our American Cousins, not to be outdone, soon got up a counter discovery, and soon the papers were filled with accounts of the vast discoveries of diamonds, rubies, amethysts, and every other known and unknown species of precious stone, all of which could be found in that most favoured land Arizona. To be sure, a good many people were seriously bothered to know where Arizona was, but that only added to the zest of the thing; going to find diamonds in a country nobody knew anything about, and, indeed, very few knew where it was or how to get to it, was like Columbus' adventure in search of a new world, and there is very little doubt that diamond hunting in Arizona would have become highly popular but for an unfortunate occurrence; the cloven foot was shown too soon, and the enterprise may be considered to have collapsed. A few enterprising gentlemen, amongst them Generals McClellan, Latham and Barlow, got up a Company—it seems to be the object of every American's life to get up a Company and induce other people to buy the shares—with a capital (to be subscribed by other people) of ten million dollars. This Company was to "work" the mines; and the first effort was to work off the stock on the London market. This scheme has been pretty effectively stopped by the exposure by Messrs. Rettar & Leveson, diamond brokers, and other dealers in precious stones, who state in their letters to various London papers that large quantities of stones, *in the rough*, have been purchased lately by American railway contractors without any regard to size or quality, and there is little or no doubt that these stones have been used to give colour to the story of vast discoveries of diamonds, &c., in Arizona, the object being, as aforesaid, to sell the shares of the Company in the London market. The swindle has been discovered too soon to do much harm, but the people who can accomplish two such great "discoveries" in one year as Livingstone in Africa and diamonds in Arizona, must be a great nation.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE DOMINION.

The potato disease has made its appearance in New Brunswick.

The greater part of the town of Orillia was destroyed by fire on the 27th ult.

Clappison, the English forger, who made his way to Halifax, has been sent back.

A gale on Lake Ontario has caused several disasters to schooners and other craft.

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin visited Beauport Asylum last week.

In consequence of the loss of some of the poll-books a new election will take place for Toronto Centre.

There were 133 interments in Montreal during the week ending August 24. Six were small-pox cases.

An immense temperance demonstration, at which lodges will be present from all parts of the Dominion, is to be held at Toronto early this month.

A party of forty Royal Engineers and three officers are on their way to Lake Superior to survey the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

It is calculated by persons who ought to know that as many as three thousand persons have arrived and settled in Ottawa and vicinity during the present year.

The turning of the first sod of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway took place on Monday, and in honour of the occasion the day was proclaimed by the Council as a civic holiday.

Sir John received an ovation in Ottawa yesterday. He was also the recipient of a fine ebony gold-mounted cane from the working-men of the Capital, accompanied by a most flattering address.

UNITED STATES.

Sumner is going to Europe.

Large yields of silver are reported from Nevada.

Valuable coal-beds have been discovered in Alaska.

The Alabama cotton crop has been destroyed by worms.

The Democratic Convention opened on Tuesday last at Louisville.

By the sinking of the *Metis*, a steamer plying from New York to Providence, seventy lives were lost.

Dr. Bayley, Roman Catholic Bishop of New Jersey, has been raised to the primatial see of Baltimore.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Berlin engine makers have struck.

Yellow fever has made its appearance at Rio.

The Czar was to arrive in Berlin on Thursday.

Cholera has made its appearance in Western Russia.

Yellow fever is raging at Carthage, Central America.

Pittsburg iron men have decided to advance the prices of iron.

Père Hyacinthe announces and defends his intention to marry.

The International Convention met on Monday last at the Hague.

Peace between Brazil and the Argentine Confederation is now secure.

France has paid another five hundred million francs of the war indemnity.

There is a general feeling of uneasiness in London financial circles, owing to recent heavy failures.

At the next meeting of the National Assembly Thiers will propose the formation of a second Chamber.

A crisis has occurred in the Bavarian ministry, and members have tendered their resignation to the King.

Canterbury Cathedral had a narrow escape from fire on Tuesday. The greater part of the roof was destroyed.

The American Consul at Port-au-Prince has been arrested on a charge of issuing counterfeit paper currency.

Several cotton operators in Lancashire have failed in consequence of unfortunate speculation in cotton afloat.

The Queen has presented Stanley with a magnificent snuff box set in brilliants, accompanied by a most flattering letter.

It is rumoured that the labours of the Geneva Court are nearly terminated, and that the board will adjourn *sine die* in a few days.

Mr. Stanley has been entertained by the London Savage Club, a literary and artistic society, and warmly congratulated.

Admiral Alden and the officers of the United States fleet in European waters have been entertained by the American Minister at Berlin.

The grain crop in France is very abundant and will go far to supply the deficiency in the market caused by the floods in Bohemia and Hungary.

Advices from India state that cholera is raging fearfully throughout the country. Thousands of deaths have occurred and a general panic exists.

The Cuban insurgents are attempting to raise a loan of £20,000,000 in England, the amount to be tendered to Spain as the price of the independence of Cuba.

A London dispatch says Dawson, the geographer and traveller, who has returned from Zanzibar, reports having been in communication with Dr. Livingstone.

A great public demonstration is contemplated in Dublin against the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government and the suppression of religious orders in Italy.

It is stated that the evidence at Marshal Bazaine's trial now progressing at Paris, shows that traitorous correspondence existed between Bazaine and the Germans, prior to the surrender of Metz.

The Swiss Council of State has invited the members of the Board of Arbitration to a banquet to be held to-day—Saturday—which will be attended by the chief federal authorities. Covers will be laid for fifty guests.

Producers in the oil region of Pennsylvania are about to combine to raise the price of oil.

The court-martial sitting at Versailles for the trial of Communists has passed sentence of death on Lefrançois and Cluseret, by reason of their continuing in refusing to appear and answer grievous charges against them.

Complete returns of the elections for members of the Spanish Cortes have been received. They show that 11 Alphonistas, 3 Montpensieristas, 10 Unionistas, 3 Sagastistas, 80 Republicans and 290 Radicals were chosen.

A story comes from London, which would make it appear that the Arizona diamond discoveries are an invention. Messrs. Rittar, Stevenson & Co., diamond brokers, in a communication to the city editor of the *Times* state that a few months ago an American came to that city and bought a large number of diamonds in the rough, paying no attention whatever to the weight or quality of the stones. These they intimate were used by the alleged discoverers of the diamond mines in Arizona to sustain their assertion. Other London diamond merchants make similar assertions.

The most likely successor to the present Pope is, says the *Gazzetta d'Italia* of Florence, Cardinal Antonio Maria Panebianco, of the order of St. Francis. He was born at Terranuova, in Sicily, on the 14th of August, 1808, and was made Cardinal by Pius IX. in the consistory of the 27th of September, 1861. He has always professed great admiration for Pope Sixtus V., whose life was his favourite study, and in whose cell he lived. One day, while in a reverie, he suddenly heard a knock at his door, and a voice told him that he would be a Cardinal. This announcement did not surprise him; he merely replied, "Lo sapevo," and he will, says the *Gazzetta*, doubtless say the same when he learns that he has been elected Pope. Cardinal Panebianco once swore before Canova's monument to Clement XIV. that he would restore the Order of the Jesuits to its former greatness; and this is said to be the great object of his life. He is the intimate friend of Father Beckx, the General of the Order, but, like his model, Sixtus V., he is excessively reserved, carefully concealing from every one his intentions for the future. He praises the Syllabus, and defends the principle of infallibility with extraordinary skill and theological knowledge. As for Pius IX., he has thoroughly believed in the Cardinal since a young Italian girl prophesied some twenty years ago that the next Pope would be a monk of the Order of St. Francis. "Mystical," concludes the *Gazzetta*, "as Savonarola, Panebianco is the slave of a mediæval Utopia which moves him to revive the Church of the thirteenth century; and the Society of Jesus, which does not believe in mysticism, regards him with anxiety, not quite knowing whether he is a friend or an enemy."

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H. R.—Your problem is under examination. In future, all problems should be sent on a diagram, with the initials of each piece plainly written on the square which it is to occupy. Other correspondents will please note.

The following game, played recently at the City and County of Dublin Chess Club, presents some novelties in the inexhaustible "Evans."

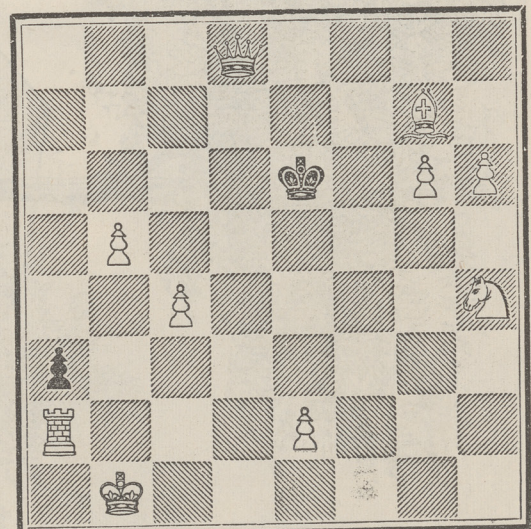
White,	Black,
Mr. J. A. Rynd.	Mr. G. F. Barry.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 4th
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd	Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
3. B. to B. 4th	B. to B. 4th
4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th	B. takes P.
5. P. to B. 3rd	B. to B. 4th
6. P. Q. 4th	P. takes P.
7. P. takes P.	B. to Kt. 3rd
8. P. to Q. R. 4th (a)	Kt. to R. 4th
9. B. to R. 2nd	P. to Q. 3rd
10. B. to Kt. 2nd	B. to Kt. 5th
11. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd	Q. to Kt. 2nd (b)
12. Q. to B. 2nd	K. Kt. to B. 3rd
13. Castles. (K. R.)	Castles. (Q. R.)
14. K. R. to K. sq.	Kt. to R. 4th
15. R. to K. 3rd	K. Kt. to B. 5th
16. Kt. to B. 4th	Kt. to K. 3rd
17. B. to B. 3rd	Kt. takes Kt.
18. B. takes Kt.	B. takes Kt.
19. R. takes B.	Kt. takes P.
20. B. takes Kt.	B. takes B.
21. R. to Kt. sq.	K. R. to B. sq.
22. K. R. to Q. Kt. 3rd	B. to Kt. 3rd
23. P. to R. 5th	B. takes P.
24. R. takes P.	B. to Kt. 3rd
25. Q. to R. 4th (c)	Q. takes P.
26. K. R. takes B.	Resigns.

(a) Very unusual at this point.
(b) The "Westminster papers," whence we take the above game, gives a variation here, beginning with—Q. to Q. 2nd, which also will be found to result in favour of the attack.
(c) The termination is well worthy of examination; very few players would have selected this move; but it is, probably, the only one which would have won.

PROBLEM No. 59.

From the Dubuque Chess Journal.

BLACK.

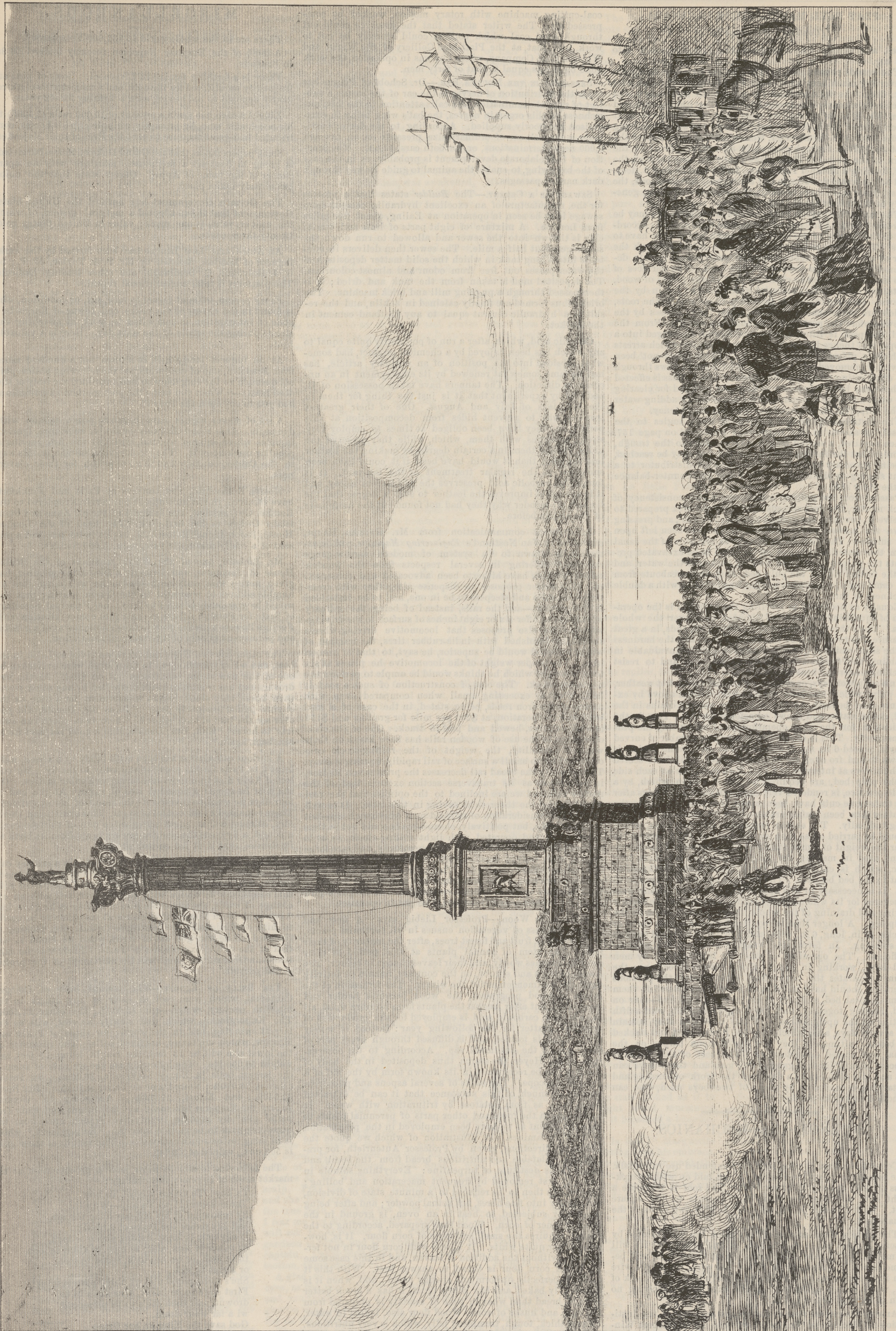


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.



THE MONTREAL ELECTIONS.—MEETING OF THE VICTORIOUS CANDIDATES, EAST AND WEST, AT VIGER SQUARE.



THE YORK PIONEERS' CELEBRATION AT QUEENSTON.

PEAT FUEL MANUFACTURE IN CANADA.

(Continued from page 157.)

level, and supply the loss from the filtration back into the bog.

The vessels constructed by Mr. Hodges to carry the peat-converting machinery were about 80 ft. long, 16 ft. beam, and 6 ft. deep. As we trust shortly to publish the vessels and machinery recently constructed by Mr. Trevithick, improved from Mr. Hodges' plans, we need only now give a general description of the latter. A pair of large screws with cutting blades, and 11 ft. in diameter, were placed at one end of the boat and driven through gearing by an engine placed in the stern of the vessel. These screws cut their way through the bog, forming a channel 19 ft. wide, and from 4 ft. to 6 ft. deep, and as the water flows in as fast as the peat is taken out, the vessel floats and moves onwards as the screws advance, generally at the rate of about 15 ft. per hour.

The rate of feed given to the screws is variable, and may be increased from 1½ in. per revolution, to 3 in. or 4 in., according to the density of the material through which they have to pass. They are partially enclosed in a shield, through the rear of which a continuous stream of peat passes, and is delivered into a well in the bow of the boat. The services of two men are required to clear the peat of any pieces of wood, roots, and other useless material which may be fed in by the screws. In some cases it is necessary to clear away the roots, which are occasionally brought up in large masses by the screws, before the peat passes through the shield. From the well, the peat is lifted by an elevator, and discharged into a hopper and thence into a part of the machinery which arrests such roots, pieces of wood, fibre, &c., which have not been previously removed, after which it is pulped and flows through the distributing trough. The whole of this process is effected without any hand labour, excepting that required for clearing the wood and fibre arrester, and for occasionally adding water to the pulp, if it should not be of a proper consistency.

The distributing trough projects at right angles to the vessel, as shown in the engravings published on page 157. When required, a second length may be added to the trough, in order that the further end of the pulp bed may be reached, it being necessary to tie back the extended distributor to a light staging on the top of the boat, and to a counter-balance on the other side.

Passing from the pulping machinery, with a consistency of thick mortar, the peat spreads itself over the area prepared to receive it, covering the ground to a depth of 9 in., and pressing down the mosses and vegetation which have been left upon the surface. The low bank formed at the side of the canal from the material stripped off the area to be excavated prevents the pulped peat from flowing back into the water, and on the further side of the pulp bed, 90 ft. or thereabouts from the canal itself, a second retaining line is made, with a double thickness of turf.

Equally as necessary as levelling the pulp bed is the operation of equalising the layer of digested peat over the whole area. Upon this thickness being uniform, depends, in a great measure, the toughness of the finished peat, and the hardness of the skin which is given to it, and which is invaluable in enabling the finished fuel to throw off rain, and to resist cracking under the heat of the sun.

In a couple of days, or even in a less time during hot weather, the pulp, which has been partially dried from above by exposure, and beneath by the numerous covered drains in the bed, consolidates, and shows occasional cracks. This is the indication for the next operation—that of cutting the peat transversely. This is effected by means of a number of curved knives, placed 6 in. apart, and mounted on a frame, which is drawn to and fro over the whole surface, until it is scored with furrows at intervals of 7 in. Two men, one on each side of the pulp bed, are required for this operation, which, by a little practice, is rendered very easy. Within a few days after the transverse cuts have been made, the peat is—unless the weather has been unfavourable—in a fit condition to be cut longitudinally. The sketch represents the operation, which should be carried on as soon as the peat is solid enough to bear the weight of a man standing on a plank. The instrument used in making the longitudinal cuts is a sheet iron disc, which is easily forced down through the thickness of peat to the bed beneath. The distance apart of the cuts is 18 in. It is necessary in this operation to observe that the peat is severed for its whole depth, in order to facilitate the further drying and draining of the whole, into the cuts formed in the pulp bed. A longer time is required before the peat slabs or bricks, 18 in. long, 6 in. wide, and 9 in. thick, are hard enough for stacking. In favourable weather a fortnight should be sufficient. The operation of stacking is performed by men and boys, working in gangs of one man to three boys; the former separates the bricks from each other, if the previous operation should have failed to do so, and the latter lift them from the peat bed, and pile them in groups of five—four on end, leaning together, and touching at the top, and a fifth resting on the upright ones. In this condition they remain for several days, after which they are turned over, and stacked as before; ultimately they are loaded upon barges on the canal, and floated down to store. The cost of this stacking process is but slight; a gang of one man and three boys can lift and pile 4000 bricks a day, and the work of turning and restacking is carried on by gangs of two boys each, who can handle 4000 bricks per day.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Cement roofs are coming into very extended use in Prussia. The cement is ground in steel mills and laid on with a thickness of only one-eighth of an inch. The roof is therefore a light one, weighing less than eight pounds to the square foot. With German prices, the cost is fifty-two cents to the square foot.

The curious phenomenon of regelation can be exhibited by placing a block of ice on a netting of fine wire. The ice will be melted by the wire, and passing down through it, will become frozen in a mass again below the wire. A simple wire can in a similar manner be drawn slowly through a block of ice, which unites again behind the wire, finally showing no sign of having been cut at all.

Among the papers read at the recent meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers was one by Mr. Robert Winstanley, of Manchester, which contained a description of a

coal-cutting machine with rotary motion, worked by compressed air. The writer stated that the machine could cut through hard coal which colliers could scarcely be got to work, and that at the Platt-lane Colliery of the Wigan and Whiston Coal Company, where one was in operation, the work done by it was equal to that of forty men.

SENSATION IN THE MOUSE'S EAR.—Dr. Schobl of Prague has made the distribution of nerves to the ear of the mouse a subject of special examination, and calls attention to the fabulous richness of this organ in nerves, the bat's wing being in comparison but poorly supplied. According to the doctor's estimate, a mouse's ear of ordinary size presents on an average 6,000 nerve terminations, or, for both ears, 12,000. The function of this elaborate development is probably, as in the case of the bat's wing, to enable the animal to guide its way through dark narrow passages.

SEWAGE AS A CEMENT.—The *Builder* states that a process for the manufacture of an excellent hydraulic cement from sewage is to be seen in operation at Ealing, about five miles from London. A mixture of eight parts of lime and one of clay is thrown into the sewer and allowed to run down the sewerage about half a mile. The sewer then delivers its contents into a long tank in which the solid matter deposits, and the water passes out free from odour and almost colourless. The deposited mud is taken from the tank and dried; it is then passed through a pugging mill and brick machine. The bricks thus formed are finally calcined in a kiln, and the result is a hydraulic cement equal to any Portland cement in the market.

Carbolic acid, which, after a run of popularity quite equal to any which has been enjoyed by a chemical product, had somewhat subsided into the position of an ordinary article, has had its fame somewhat renewed by its employment in an uncommon direction. The tanners have taken possession of it, and find by experiment that it is just the thing for them in the hot days of July and August. One of their greatest troubles was to prevent hides from decomposition at this period, and they have been obliged at times to employ very strong measures with them, which, while they preserve the hides, spoiled them in a certain degree, by making the leather less valuable than it would have been if it could have been subjected to the regular treatment of the tan-yard. It is found that carbolic acid preserves the hides from decay, and it is even said improves the leather to such a degree that the tanners all wonder why they had not found out the usefulness of the article before.

In a recent communication from Mr. Herman Haupt, published in Van Nostrand's *Engineering Magazine*, public attention is drawn to "a system of modern narrow-gauge railways," differing in several respects from the wooden railways which have hitherto been advocated and constructed. The writer proposes to dispense altogether with cross-ties,—the rails and sleepers to be in one, and to be imbedded in the ground,—and the rails, instead of being the ordinary width, are to offer six or eight inches of surface to the driving-wheels. He also proposes that locomotive driving-wheels should be furnished with india-rubber tires, the traction of which on wood would be superior, he says, to that of iron on iron. The proper weight of the locomotive he places at six tons, a weight which he thinks would be ample to perform the necessary work. The cost of construction of such a road is laid down as exceeding small when compared even with narrow-gauge iron roads, being stated, in the case of a road built and in operation, at \$200 per mile for grading and \$150 more for timber, hewed and laid in track. One of the chief objections to the use of wooden rails has been based on their want of durability, the weight of the rolling-stock concentrated on so small a surface of rail rapidly wearing it away. Theoretically the broad rail decreases the pressure on its face, in proportion as its transverse section exceeds that of the narrow rail, and we are inclined to the opinion that the real would exceed the theoretical saving in this case. It is well worthy the consideration of railroad men whether cheap—not comparatively, but positively, cheap—roads could not be thus constructed, and operated with light rolling-stock, so as to perform a vast deal of work, do it economically, and earn large profits, with only a small capital stock on which to pay interest or declare dividends. Timber is abundant in Canada, and there are many localities where the material for a railway track is ready to hand, and where abundance of freight would offer just as soon as a railway could be put in operation.

BREAD FROM WOOD.—Professor Liebig says: A new and peculiar process of vegetation ensues in all perennial plants, such as shrubs, fruit and forest trees, after the maturity of their fruit. The stem of annual plants at this period of their growth becomes woody, and their leaves change in colour. The leaves of trees and shrubs, on the contrary, remain in activity until the commencement of the winter. The formation of the layers of wood progresses, the wood becomes harder and more solid, but after August the plants form no more wood, all the absorbed carbonic acid is employed for the production of nutritive matter for the following year: instead of woody fibre, starch is formed, and is diffused through every part of the plant by the autumnal sap. According to the observations of M. Heyer, the starch thus deposited in the body of the tree can be recognized in its known form by the aid of a good microscope. The barks of several aspens and pine-trees contain so much of this substance that it can be extracted from them as from potatoes by trituration with water. It exists also in the roots and other parts of perennial plants to such an extent as to have been employed in the preparation of bread in famines. In illustration of which we quote the following directions, given by Professor Autenrieth, for preparing a palatable and nutritious bread from the beech and other woods destitute of turpentine: Everything soluble in water is first removed by frequent maceration and boiling; the wood is then to be reduced to a minute state of division, not merely into fine fibres, but actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected to heat in an oven, is ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared, according to the author, acquires the smell and taste of corn flour. It is, however, never quite white. It agrees with corn flour in not fermenting without the addition of leaven, and in this case some leaven of corn flour is found to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread; and, when it is thoroughly baked and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what in time of scarcity is prepared from the bran and husks of corn. Wood flour also, boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, which is very nutritious. —*Scribner's for September.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are in the whole world 16,932,000 Freemasons.

A tooth of the Emperor Napoleon recently fetched £6 8s. in Brussels.

There is a farthing famine in Liverpool. Rows of pins are frequently substituted for the coin, and a magistrate's clerk recently deposed to not having seen a farthing for six years.

King Amadeo has made a present of 10,000 reals (2,500f.) to his coachman, who, by promptly whipping up his horses, contributed in a great measure to save the lives of his Majesties.

Some papers report that the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt is going to contract a morganatic marriage with an opera dancer of the name of Appel. Others state that the union has already taken place.

The German Government has notified the United States Government that it has adopted a metrical system, of which the unit of value is one mark; value in United States gold, twenty-three cents.

An Anti-Game Law League has been formed by the workmen of London, assisted by Mr. P. A. Taylor, M. P.; by G. J. Holyoake, C. Bradlaugh, and other leading Radicals. The platform is total unconditional repeal.

Every person, without regard to race, sex, or condition, who is found in the streets of the cities and towns of Russia in a state of intoxication, is compelled to work at sweeping the streets during the whole of the next day. Here is a valuable hint.

At an inquest lately held in a town not a hundred miles from Bradford, one of the jurors put the following philosophical question to the surgeon who had examined the body of the dead man:—"When you made the post mortem examination had you to cut open the body?"

A set of clever rogues have begun to poach salmon with dynamite. It is found that this explosive substance, ignited in holes where salmon abound, will kill the fish, leaving a peculiar mark upon it. They took several salmon in this way in the Calder, but they had to go to prison for their cleverness.

Messrs. Rothschild, the bankers at Paris and Frankfurt, have received, in recognition of their services rendered to the Russian Government, the insignia of the St. Anne and Stanislaus Orders of the first-class. The head of the London House, Baron Lionel Rothschild, has likewise received a present of a costly malachite vase, value 5,000 roubles.

Mr. Richard, one of the Welsh members of the British House of Commons, and formerly a Dissenting member, has given notice that early next session he will move that an humble address be presented to the Queen praying that she would be graciously pleased to direct her Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter into communication with Foreign Powers with the view to the establishment of a general and permanent system of international arbitration.

The other day two Highland drovers arrived at Leith in the boat, and when travelling up to Edinburgh were overtaken by one of the new steam omnibuses out on trial. As the two drovers had never seen carriages impelled by any other power than horse, they stood lost in wonderment for a time as the engine puffed smoothly past. "Bless me, Donald, did you ever see the like of that before? There is a coach run awa' frae ta horse! Run, run, Donald, like a good lad, and fricht him back again."

A curious calculation has been made lately by a *savant*, well-known in Paris for his peculiar antipathy to the fly. He collected 8,000 flies in a room measuring two cubic metres. On the floor he spread a pounded loaf of sugar. At the end of four days he went to investigate the result of his experiment. There remained a teaspoonful of sugar. This statistician, therefore, calculates that, sugar being at the rate of thirteen cents a pound, a fly costs the country twenty cents from its birth to its demise, that is, if fed on loaf sugar.

A Parisian recounts that he met recently in a railway carriage *en route* to Toulouse a very agreeable and well-instructed person, who said he was a professional man. He parted with this *compagnon de voyage* with some regret, and with an exchange of cards, the agreeable person adding as he gave his, "it would afford him great pleasure at any time to be useful to him professionally." Politeness forbade him looking at the card till he had got out of sight, when he found it was that of the public executioner of Paris. There was no mistake—underneath the name was the statement of the professional pursuit.

THE BELLS OF EUROPE.—The present bells of Cologne Cathedral, which were cast as early as any others in the fifteenth century, weigh—one 12,000lb., the other 22,400lb. The Kaiserglocke, which will shortly be cast, will be the largest swinging bell in the world; for those at Pekin and Moscow, which are larger, are fixed bells. The diameter on the lower rim will be 13 feet, the height being 17 feet, and weight 50,000 lbs. The following are the weights of some of the largest bells in Europe:—Vienna, 36,000lb.; St. Peter's (Rome), 38,000lb.; Notre Dame de Paris, 34,000lb.; "Big Ben," 32,340lb.; and Erfurt, 27,936lb. According to German papers the Emperor has made a "munificent and truly Imperial gift" by sending twenty-two French guns from the Strasburg park to be melted into the "Kaiserglocke," which is to hang in the south campanile. The weight of these guns is 500 cwt., valued at £3,740.

The following is said to have been a proclamation at the market cross of Inverary last century:—

Ta hoy! Te t'ither a hoy! Ta hoy
Three times!!! an Ta hoy—Whis!!!
By command of his Majesty King George,
and her Grace the Duke of Argyll;
If anybody is found fishing aboon te loch,
or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch,
in te loch, or on the loch, aroun te loch,
or about te loch,
She's to be persecutit wi' three persecutions!
First she's to be burnt, syne she's to be
drown't, and then she's to be persecutit
wi' a far waur death.
God save the King an her Grace
te Duke o' Argyll!

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE FOREST TRAGEDY.

By W. H. W. (Niagara.)

As the sun was slowly sinking behind the Laurentian mountains at the close of a mid-summer day in the year 1690, an unwonted spectacle was witnessed on the beautiful strand, where now stands the village of Silvery, nestling at the base of the wooded height like a babe at its mother's feet. From the neighbouring town of Quebec wended slowly, dressed in sombre robes, with snowy wimples and with calm and placid faces, a little *cortège* of self-denying women who had left the comforts of civilized life beyond one sea, to teach to the savages of the New World the way of salvation. They had only that day arrived at Quebec after a long and stormy sea voyage, and as they landed from the little vessel that had been for weary weeks their floating home, with religious fervour they prostrated themselves on the earth and kissed the soil which was to be the scene of their pious labours. The little garrison made its best military parade, the cannon of the fort thundered forth their welcome, and the shouts of the Huron and Algonquin braves mingled with the acclamations of the inhabitants. After the celebration of a devout *Te Deum*, and enjoying the hospitable entertainment of the Governor, these pious ladies repaired to the scene of their future toil.

At the head of the procession walked a figure of noble presence, tall and commanding, with strongly marked yet still handsome features, although forty years of human sorrow and religious conflict had left their impress on her brow. In her dark eye burned the fire of enthusiasm, and Marie de l'Incarnation would be anywhere recognized as a spirit born to rule. At her side walked Madame de la Peltrie, of younger and less commanding form, although of finer organization and of gentler blood, the nominal though less real head of the gentle sisterhood. Marie de St. Bernard, a sweet young nun of fragile and delicate beauty, and other religious ladies—six in all—made up the little community, moved by the love of Christ and love of souls to train the dusky forest maidens in the rudiments of civilization and the duties of religion.

They are accompanied by the once gallant knight and courtier, Noël Brulart de Sillery, now a serge-clad priest who introduces these lowly handmaids of God to the humble mission he has founded in the wilderness with a purer pleasure than he ever felt amid halls of state in presenting bejewelled court-dames to his august sovereign, Marie de Medicis.

Within a palisaded enclosure stood a cluster of log cabins, the homes of the Algonquin converts; also a homely wooden church, and a dwelling house for the Fathers of the Mission. Here the rude savage was taught to revere the symbol of salvation, the Christian altar was reared, the tinkling bell sent forth its call to prayer through the aisles of the forest, and the songs of Zion were chanted besides strange streams and in a strange tongue. The sacred bread which the coroneted monarchs of Europe received from the hands of mitred bishops beneath the swelling minster's vault, while the mighty anthem pealed, was here broken amid the solitudes of the New World to the untutored songs of the wilderness. The touching tale of a Saviour's love, passing that of a mother, melted savage hearts; the vision of future glory and of endless bliss in fairer realms than the fabled hunting grounds of the spirit-land inflamed their zeal; and the dread revelations of endless fires of wrath for the impatient curbed the passions of nature's little wont to brook restraint.

With true womanly enthusiasm, all the maternal instincts of their nature, denied expansion in the sweet sanctities of domestic life, finding vent in the discharge of their motherly duties, the gentle nuns devote themselves with self-denying zeal to the care of the dusky children of the Mission—many of them the orphaned children of parents slaughtered in the cruel Indian wars with the terrible Iroquois.

"The law of love and charity," says their biographer, "triumphed over every human consideration."

Among those youthful neophytes was an Indian girl of some seventeen summers, lithe and graceful as one of the mountain birches of her native land, and with eyes deep and dark as a forest lake. A subdued quiet, an almost pensive melancholy marked her air. Her gaze was often turned abstractedly to the far-eastern horizon on the shining river reach, or toward the setting sun, as though she beheld beyond the veil of sense the realities of the spirit world. The shadow of an early sorrow seemed ever to brood over her soul; and the shuddering recollection of a mother tomahawked by a savage hand and bathed in her life-blood during an Iroquois invasion of her native village imparted an unyouthful gravity to her character. She had been rescued from massacre by the garrison of Quebec, and trained in the Christian religion by a pious lady in the household of Montmagny, the

commandant of the town. Her Indian designation, Red Fawn, was laid aside, and she was universally recognized by her beautiful Christian name given her in baptism; Marguerite des Anges—the Pearl of the Angels. Her father was still a pagan, and bitterly hostile to the intruding white race, which had usurped the heritage of his sires; and was especially the implacable foe of the Christian religion. His tribe being almost exterminated in the massacre in which his wife was slain, and his young daughter being unable to share his wandering forest life, he was fain to leave her under the protection of the French.

As her maiden beauty unfolded, however, paternal pride, if not affection, was awakened, and he sought to induce her to share his hunter's lodge. More than one swarthy lover, too, attempted to pour the tale of passion—as native to the forest glade as to the gilded *salon*—into her unwilling ear. An intense aversion to the wandering life and savage manners of her tribe possessed her soul. Another tie to civilization had unconsciously wound its silken fetters round her heart. Among the members of the little court of Montmagny—a sort of miniature Versailles—but with loftier heroism and purer manners—there was none who for *de bon air* and gentle courtesy surpassed the gallant young D'Auvoisier, a scion of one of the best families of France. The pensive beauty of the forest-maiden shrinking and tremulous as the mayflower of her native wilds, attracted the regards of the young soldier; and the manly courage, evinced in more than one conflict with the hereditary foe of her race, and still more his woman-like tenderness and faithful suit, won her responsive affection.

"Wilt thou return and share my lodge?" exclaimed her father, but a few days after our story opens, during a stealthy interview he had sought in the forest near the Mission, whither she had gone to gather flowers where-with to deck the altar of the Virgin, her daily task. "Wilt thou leave those Christian dogs?" he continued, seeing that she hesitated to reply. "These wily Black-robos will else make thee a woman-worshipper like themselves," for he knew not that already the baptismal dew had besprinkled her brow.

"Nay, father, I like not the wild hunter's life," said the maiden, and devoutly crossing herself, she continued: "I have already vowed to live the handmaid of Christ and his blessed Mother, whom, O father, I beseech you blaspheme not."

"What, a daughter of mine a sister of those pale-faced nuns! Why did I leave you among them! I might have known they would teach you to despise the gods of your father."

"But those be no gods, father, but malignant spirits; nay, says the good priest, fiends from the pit beguiling the souls of men to perdition."

"Good enough gods for your old father," he passionately exclaimed, "and good enough must they be for his stubborn child. And, what is more, know, girl, that I have promised that when the next snow comes thou shalt keep the lodge-fire of Black Snake, the bravest warrior of our tribe."

"Nay, father," exclaimed the girl with a shudder, "that can never be. I shrink when I see his glittering eye and gliding step as though he were indeed a poisonous snake."

"It shall be, girl!" he thundered; "Big Bear has said it, and the word of Big Bear was never broken."

"Father, it cannot be," said the undaunted girl, pressing her hands over her throbbing heart; "I will die first," and in the firmly compressed lip and glittering eye was seen the evidence of the unfaltering determination of her race.

"Then die thou shalt, if thou obey not my command," he hissed. "Perhaps some coward pale-face seeks to wed the forest princess? I'd rather cut thy heart out than see it given to one of the accursed race. What's that upon thy neck?" he exclaimed, snatching at the cross concealed in her bosom, and in a paroxysm of rage trampling it beneath his feet, amid a storm of execrations against the "Christian medicine-charm," of which the pagan Indians have a superstitious dread.

"O father, insult not the sign of salvation!" cried the weeping girl, and turning from him she fled to the Mission.

Amid broken sobs Marguerite's tale of trouble was told to the good priest.

"Fear not, daughter," he said, "the Good Shepherd will not suffer one of his lambs to become the prey of the wolf; and certainly thy betrothed will never see thee become the bride of that traitorous Black Snake, who dangles at his waist more than one white scalp. Pray the Blessed Virgin, dear child, and she may even turn thy father's heart to the true faith. But go not from the Mission. I fear me thy sire and his tribe mean us ill. I will ask the Governor for a guard from the garrison at night, and D'Auvoisier will be the captain. Canst thou trust thyself to his protection, think'st thou?"

A glad smile banished the tears from her eyes, as the sunshine drives away the clouds; and murmuring her blushing thanks Marguerite went to her ministry of love in waiting on the little children of the Mission.

The gentle nuns devoted themselves with ardour to the spiritual instruction of the

youthful catechumens. The Pearl of the Angels unfolded in new beauty day by day under the transforming power of happy love. A file of half a dozen soldiers from the little garrison at Quebec mounted guard within the stockaded enclosure; and D'Auvoisier, as may be imagined, did not neglect to press his suit with Marguerite and to urge the appointment of an early day when he might become of fullest right the protector of her happiness and age. The menaced danger—a sort of felt yet unseen presence, a brooding shadow of fear like the oppressive lull before a thunder storm—seconded his suit, and a day in early autumn, when the scanty acres of the little Mission were reaped of their meagre harvest, was named for the rustic wedding.

Marguerite, so good, so pure, so gentle, was the pet of the Mission. Any lingering worldliness in the bosoms of the holy sisterhood found vent in the preparation of a bridal *trousseau* such as New France had never seen, for their youthful *protégée*. The Indian women of the Mission embroidered brightest and softest moccasins, and even the little children made garlands of the mountain-ash to decorate the cottage erected for the youthful pair.

The eve of the eventful day had come. The guard from the garrison had been discontinued, as the feeling of danger by long immunity was lulled into security. D'Auvoisier had wended his way along the quiet strand, now a busy street, to pay his last visit as a lover, where he was soon to claim a husband's right of permanent abode. The golden glory of the autumn burned on the billowy masses of forest foliage, clothing the hilly back-ground of the Mission. The maples, oaks and elms flung all their leafy banners out as if in bridal pageantry. The wild grape vines climbed from tree to tree, and glowing clusters hung translucent in the sunlight. Gay clumps of native flowers, with not a few brought from La Belle France, bloomed in the garden of the Mission, and breathed forth their souls in fragrance on the bosom of the evening air. A tender crescent moon hung low in the sky, near Hesper, tender star of hope, as the youthful lovers sat hand in hand gazing alternately on the wake of glory on the sheeny bosom of the St. Lawrence and on the lengthening shadows of the cliff creeping stealthily toward them, like the brooding wing of fate.

"I know not, dearest, why it is," whispers Marguerite, nestling closer to her lover, "but I seem to feel a shrinking of the soul, like that of the strange plant which sister Marie de l'Incarnation brought with her from beyond the sea."

"Nonsense, *mignonne*," he replies, folding her fondly in his arms, "thou'st nought to fear, the angels safely guard their Pearl, and the blessed Mother of our Lord has thee beneath her especial care; and to-morrow, darling, gives thee to my arms to cherish and protect till death."

"Ah! but, Pierre," she murmurs, "thou knowest not the malice of the dreadful Black Snake, and I fear the anger of my father."

"But, *ma chère*," he replies, tenderly caressing her head, which nestles, dove-like, in his bosom, "they have given us no trouble for weeks. Your fierce lover has not dogged your steps as he used to."

"That is what makes me fear that he means something secret and terrible," says the maiden.

"*N'importe*," her lover gaily replies, "they have given up hope of thy returning to their wild wood-life. My savage rival has abandoned the contest for thy love; I gave him credit for more courage," and he laughed disdainfully.

"Nay; but, dearest, thou dost not know of what terrible revenge the hot blood of my race is capable when it is maddened into frenzy," she shudderingly exclaimed. "I fear for thee, love, not for myself. O be careful as thou returnest by that lonely river road; watch every shadow; list to every sound; the children brought a report to-day of some one prowling stealthily in the forest where they were gathering flowers with which to deck our marriage altar to-morrow."

"Fear not for me, love; to quiet thy fears I will tear myself away before the moon go down, that I may have light on the way to town," and as he tenderly folded her in a lover's fond embrace the stars looked as if in sympathy, and the night wind murmured through the pines, as if it breathed a benediction on the happy pair.

"Hush! what sound is that?" Marguerite suddenly exclaimed, starting from his embrace. "See that stealthy form crawling through the grass, and there are others crouching among the trees. O my beloved, fly! Me they will harm not! for my sake, fly!"

"Never, darling! if this be danger I must share it, else I were unworthy of thee, and would despise myself. O *mon Dieu*! I am slain," he exclaimed, as the swift whir of an arrow hustled through the air, and the sharp sting of the shaft pierced his breast.

A fierce cry, a swift rush of painted savages, a wild and ringing war-whoop told the fearful tale of peril. Valiantly fighting against overwhelming odds, faint with bleeding, and agonized with direct apprehension for her whose safety was tenfold dearer than his own, D'Auvoisier fell by the gleaming tomahawk

of his rival, Black Snake, who 'was stung to madness by the words that he had over-heard' and more than all by the tender parting of the lovers. Claspings the silver crucifix she wore, the terror-stricken girl implored for her lover the aid of the Virgin and the mercy of his foe. Her infuriate father, maddened with rage, raising his flashing knife, exclaimed—

"Thou lovest that cursed sign of the cross, dost thou? Receive it, then, upon thy very heart!" and with frenzied strokes he gashed the sacred sign upon the tender bosom of his child in gaping wounds, from which her life-blood swiftly flowed.

"In death not divided, O my beloved!" she faltered as she fell upon the body of her slaughtered lover.

According to their wont the pagan Indians fired the cabins of the Mission, slaying youth and age and tender infancy in their blind and cruel thirst for blood. The Christian Indians hastily rallied and held their savage foes at bay till most of the women and the nuns escaped. A detachment from the garrison, alarmed by the glare of fire in the heavens, arrived, too late, it is true, to prevent the tragic deed, but not too late to punish the miscreant wretches by whom it was wrought. In the morning the lovers were found lying folded in a last embrace, and were committed to a single grave, thus to keep for ever the loving tryst of death, the bridal of the tomb.

Undaunted by perils past, the pious band reared again the Mission walls from its blackened embers, and for many a year on summer eves, beside the simple cross which marked the lovers' grave, other lovers told the tearful story of "The Forest Tragedy," and whispered vows of affection, old as humanity, yet ever new.

All trace of the Mission has long since passed away save that written in the imperishable record of the skies, and in the fragmentary *Relations* of the Jesuit Fathers of the time. But the little village with its storied memories of thrilling interest still stands; and the venerable ash tree is shown beneath which Marie de l'Incarnation, in a noble gospel revenge, taught the way of life to the children of those who wrought this deed of death.

ART AND LITERATURE.

At a recent sale of autograph manuscript, of distinguished composers in London, several manuscripts of Mozart brought from £7 to 10 each; a cantata by Handel, £35; a wedding service by Bach, £24, and the B flat piano concerto by Beethoven, £16. Autograph letters by Erasmus, Queen Victoria, George Washington, and Mary Stuart were also sold.

Mr. Murray's forthcoming works include "Personal Monograph," by Lord Houghton; "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals," by Charles Darwin; "History of the Royal Regiment of Artillery," by Captain Francis Duncan; "The Geography of India," by Colonel Yule; "The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man," by Sir Charles Lyell; Sir Gilbert Scott's lectures delivered at the Royal Academy on the "Rise and Development of Mediæval Architecture."

A series of works is announced by Messrs. Longman, to be called "The School of Shakespeare," being reprints of scarce publications of which Shakespeare was cognisant, and which may be useful in making us live more completely in the world of ideas by which he was surrounded. The editor of these reprints is Mr. R. Simpson, who proposes to reprint, with introductions and notes, some of the more prominent plays that may be regarded as belonging to Shakespeare's school. The first of these, now nearly ready, is "A Larum for London, or the Siege of Antwerp," which, according to the prospectus, will be accompanied by the "proof that it is referred to by a contemporary writer, founded on a pamphlet by Gascoyne, and written chiefly by Marston, under the direction of Shakespeare." Works of a similar kind, such as the "Life and Death of Captain Stukeley," "Mucedorus," "Fair Em," "Histriomastix," and "The Prodigal Child," will, it is announced, be included in the series.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE IN THE VIENNA EXHIBITION. —Francis Langer, a sculptor of Kaaden, but born at Weipert, began to cut the model of Solomon's Temple out of lime tree wood according to the details given by the historian, Josephus Flavius. For thirty years he worked unceasingly at this laborious work, and at length died in 1850 at the age of seventy-two. His son continued the unfinished work until his death in 1858. Two citizens of Kaaden then took the matter in hand, and partly by working at it themselves, and partly by getting others to follow the plans and details left behind by Langer, succeeded in perfecting it. The completed work takes up a space of 325 square feet. The present owners applied to the directors of the Vienna Exhibition as to whether they might exhibit it, and, after some little delay, received a reply that space would be reserved for it. This result of their labour during so many years requires twenty-eight chests to pack it in, and will now be forwarded to the Exhibition at Vienna.

* La loi d'amour et de charité l'emportoit par dessus toutes les considérations humaines. Relations des Jésuites, 1639-8.



THE RUNAWAYS RETURN.

The scene is set in a room with a fireplace mantel decorated with various items, including a clock and a small figure. A man in a dark suit and hat stands on the left, holding a cane and looking towards a woman seated at a table. The woman, wearing a dark dress with a white collar, is looking up at him. On the table, a young boy sits, holding a book. Another child is seated next to him. A large wicker basket sits on the floor near the table. In the background, a fireplace mantel is decorated with various items, and a small figure of a person is visible on the mantel. The room has a patterned rug and a window with a curtain on the right.

PEAT FUEL
MANUFACTURE
IN CANADA.

A late number of *Engineering* contains an interesting account of the manufacture of peat fuel at Lapigeonniere—some thirty miles south-west of Montreal. We extract from that periodical the following account of the *modus operandi*, as introduced by Mr. Hodges, the well-known engineer, now engaged in Callao, in the construction of the harbour works in progress at that port:—

Over an extensive undrained bog of considerable depth, a centre line, level, of course, is traced out, and on each side of this line, for a distance of about 10 ft., the surface is cleared of the living vegetation, which is piled up on either side, so as to form two low banks of turf and moss 20 ft. apart. Upon one side of this cleared space, it was at first the practice to clear an area some 90 ft. in width, for the reception of the peat pulp, but experience showed that it could, without inconvenience, be distributed over the uncleared bog, excepting that it is necessary to cut down any long rank grass, to draw the roots of trees, and remove stumps, and to level as far as possible any irregularities of the surface. Drains from 9 in. to 12 in. deep have, moreover, to be cut at intervals over the face of the pulp bed, and covered over with turf. On some bogs where the vegetation

was very rank, and shrubs grew freely, the surface of the bogs was at first stripped, and the turf cut was reversed, and laid down again. It was found preferable, however, not to disturb the natural surface, but to cut the drains as just described. The work of removing the roots of trees is not a difficult one, as they take but a comparatively slight hold in the ground, and may be cut away with an axe at some distance from the

canal. We believe that in one instance only during the whole of Mr. Hodges' experience, a scarcity of water was met with, and in this case the evil was remedied by pumping; but if the flow of water from the sides and bottom of the channel be very deficient, it is obvious that constant pumping from an independent source would be necessary to maintain the water

See page 154.

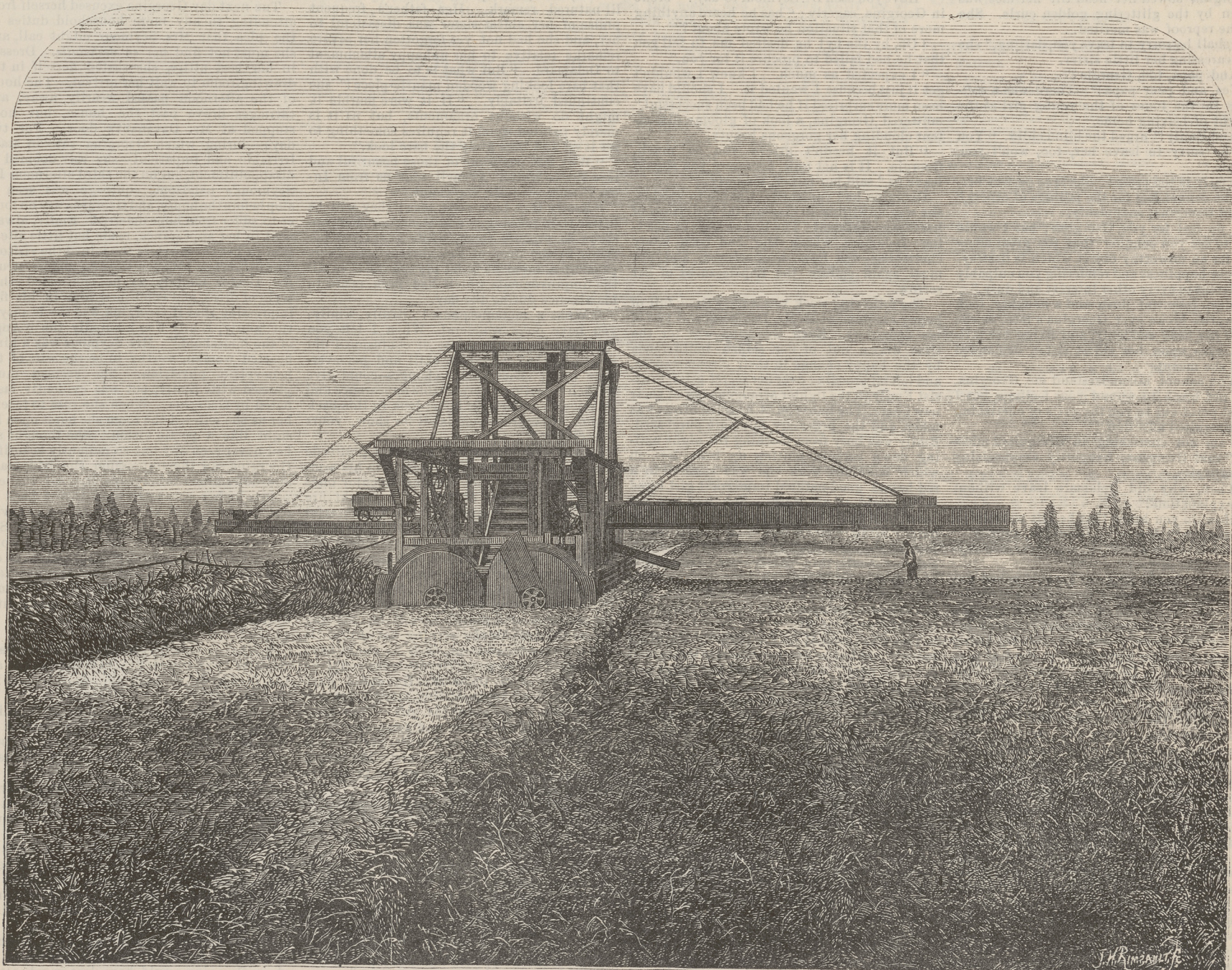
THE MANUFACTURE OF PEAT FUEL AT LAPIGEONNIERE, P.Q.



stem, the tree being pulled down to one side by one man, while a second cuts the roots.

Great care must also be taken in clearing the area to be occupied with the future canal, of stumps and roots, and while the surface is stripped to a depth of 6 in. of the upper covering of vegetation, the stunted trees and their roots are also taken away.

At one end of the area thus prepared with the low banks at each side, and 20 ft. apart, a dock is formed, and in it the travelling manufactory is to be launched. It is evident that a convenient site for the construction of this floating workshop must be chosen as a terminal point of the canal, and care must be taken to ascertain before operations are commenced that the bog contains a sufficiency of water to flow in and fill the excavation as the cutting is advanced. This may be easily found, by making trial borings at intervals along the line of the intended



HODGE'S PEAT MACHINE.

THINE EYES.

(From the German of Heine.)

Thou hast diamonds and pearls of rare beauty,
Thou hast all that the heart can admire,
Thine eyes shine far brighter than jewels—
What more can my darling desire?

On thine eyes, bright as stars of the evening,
Have I written, and tuned to my lyre,
Whole volumes of rapturous sonnets—
What more can my darling desire?

With thine eyes of unquenchable splendour
Hast thou kindled my heart into fire,
And forced me to kneel as thy suitor—
What more can my darling desire?

J. F. B.

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THE DAVENANTS.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of "Hilda; or, The Merchant's Secret," "The Abbey of Rathmore," &c.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

A new interest stole into Georgina Davenport's beautiful face. The image of Dr. Delamare rose up before her, and the hope of seeing him again dawned suddenly upon her. Near the Richelieu! She remembered it was in that part of Canada his home was located. He had frequently spoken of its fine scenery in that brief period of happiness she had lately enjoyed coming out from England.

"Do you really think I can obtain the situation? But I fear not! nothing good ever happens to me." The new hope died out of Georgina's face, and the tones were again petulant and despondent.

"Dr. Seymour said he would write at once about it; he seemed confident of obtaining it for you."

"Oh, I shall be so sorry to lose you, Georgie! why will you go away?" and Clara's sightless eyes filled with tears, as she clung fondly to her younger sister.

"Georgie will be happier away from home. She takes no interest in our affairs." There was sadness mingled with reproach in Emily's tones.

Georgina bowed her head till her face was hidden by the glittering golden curls. She felt the reproof was merited.

"I shall be sorry to leave you, darling," she said, caressing her little sister.

"And papa, too, Georgie?"

"Yes, and poor papa!" There was a softening in the tones of the young girl at the thought of leaving home.

"And Emily!" urged the blind child. "You will be sorry to leave her, too, won't you, Georgie?"

"Emily is too cross! She is so perfect herself she cannot feel for the failings of others," replied Georgina, snappishly.

"I do feel for you, Georgina; but I would wish to see you conquer that too great affection for an unworthy object which is destroying your happiness and rendering you culpably indifferent to every other interest and duty."

A deep resentful flush and a haughty look of surprise broke over Georgina's face, as she raised her head suddenly, and fixing her brilliant eyes upon her eldest sister, demanded what she meant.

"You cannot misunderstand me, Georgina. I do not mean to wound your feelings, but I would point out to you the evils of cherishing an unrequited affection."

"I am not cherishing an unrequited affection," said Georgina, haughtily emphasizing the adjective.

"Then, why did Delamare leave without any explanation?"

"How do you know that he left without an explanation?" demanded Georgina, angrily.

"Because you never told me, never said anything on the subject."

"Do you really suppose I would select you for a confidante," asked Georgina, scornfully, then, as if to get rid of the painful subject, she suddenly left the apartment and took her seat by her father's sick-bed, leaving Emily doubtful as to the truth of what she had intimated relative to Delamare. But after considering the matter she came to the conclusion that it was a poor pretence of the unhappy girl to hide the humiliation she felt at her lover's desertion. How the strong-minded elder sister pitied the poor young creature who had poured forth the wealth of a first passionate attachment before an unworthy shrine. Any allusion to it she saw irritated her, she would therefore never allude to the distressing subject again, Georgina must bear alone the burden of her secret sorrow; her proud sensitive nature rejected all sympathy. Emily hoped she would obtain this situation of governess. New scenes and occupation would break the gloomy train of thought in which she now indulged and divert her mind from her first great sorrow.

Georgina Davenport had the misfortune to be born a beauty. I say misfortune, because it has been justly remarked that "the mantle of beauty is a dangerous gift," and the page of

history records the melancholy fact that the most beautiful who graced this earth were unfortunate. Even in every day life homely women often fare better than their handsomer sisters, and among the class of old maids one will meet more attractive women than those who have no pretensions to beauty. This is perhaps some divine law of compensation which makes up for homeliness by imparting happiness. How many, I wonder, of the fair sex would choose the latter at the expense of beauty!

Georgina was indeed singularly beautiful. Her style was a blonde; soft shining tresses of golden hair curled about a brow and neck of transparent whiteness; eyes of azure, clear and brilliant, shaded by dark silken lashes; her nose and mouth rivalled those chiselled by a Grecian sculptor, a rich roseate hue coloured her polished cheek; her figure rather tall, perfect in its proportions, while a stately grace marked its every movement. At a glance one would pronounce her faultless, but that glance would also reveal a proud consciousness of her own attraction and a haughty indifference to the opinion of others.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW HOME.

AFTER the expiration of a week, Mr. Davenport had recovered from his illness and was enabled to enter upon the duties of the situation Dr. Seymour had procured for him. That was a happy afternoon when he returned to his humble boarding-house after the labours of the day, revelling in the consciousness that he was again in a position to support his family in a respectable sphere.

"We must leave these lodgings immediately, Emily. I have been looking at a house in St. Antoine Street which I think will suit, it is small but convenient."

"Do you intend to keep house, papa?"

"Yes, it will be more comfortable, and not more expensive than boarding. One can never feel at home in lodgings."

"But how is the house to be furnished? Will it not require a considerable sum for that outlay?" she asked, anxiously.

"Dr. Seymour has volunteered to supply the means, the loan to be paid by instalments when convenient. It was he who suggested this plan. How much we owe that benevolent man! he is our good angel!" added Mr. Davenport, in tones of fervent gratitude.

"Have you seen Dr. Seymour to-day?" broke in Georgina, eagerly; "has he heard anything more of that situation he wrote about?"

"Oh, by the by! he desired me to tell you that he had failed to procure it for you."

"I expected as much. I knew I wouldn't get it just because I wanted it. I should have been more surprised if he had been successful," muttered Georgina, a look of gloomy discontent clouding her gorgeous beauty.

"But it needn't grieve you so much, Georgie. It is not now necessary you should leave us," said her father, tenderly.

Georgina had vanished. Unable to subdue, she was unwilling to display, the bitterness of her disappointment. The bright hope of meeting Delamare which she had been lately cherishing was now disappointed, and she must again endure the hopelessness of her sorrow.

The following week was a busy time, full of happy excitement to Mr. Davenport and two of his daughters. Even Georgina was for the time drawn out of her selfish indifference by the happy change in their circumstances, and left off brooding over her secret grief, to assist Emily in the lighter arrangements of their new home. The house on St. Antoine Street was taken and the necessary furniture purchased. Emily was busy from morning till night nailing down carpets, putting up beds, &c., in which laborious work she was assisted by a red-haired good-natured immigrant girl hired to be maid of all work. She had not yet assumed the airs of a lady and was a valuable help. Blind Clara's sad face wore a happy look as she stole silently about the house passing her small thin hands over every article of furniture as if by the sense of touch to take into her mind's eye its appearance. She felt at home again, and that feeling constituted the child's happiness.

The arrangement of the parlour—drawing-room would be too fine a word—was Georgina's peculiar care. At her request her father had gone to some expense to furnish it. A handsome carpet—bought at an auction quite cheap—covered the floor; crimson hangings shaded the window, a mahogany sofa filled up one corner, while a small stand, graced by a pretty work-box, stood tastefully conspicuous in another. A few chairs and a centre-table completed the furniture, and when Georgina surveyed the small apartment when her arrangements were finished, it pleased her fastidious eye.

Emily's labours in the common sitting-room were not less successful, though more difficult. The articles of furniture destined for this room seemed to have been dragged forth from the lumber-room of an auction warehouse. As so much had been expended in show in furnishing the parlour the dining or sitting-room had to suffer in consequence. Still the ingenuity of Emily supplied all deficiencies, and she succeeded in giving this

apartment not only an appearance of comfort, but a cheerful home-look, what she most desired. A neat cover concealed the stains and scratches in the old dining-table. A new chintz replaced the tattered covering of the old-fashioned couch. An arm chair was cushioned for Mr. Davenport's use, and the little rocking chair for blind Clara was not forgotten by the kind eldest sister; it had its cushion with a covering of chintz. Emily had just concluded her arrangements and was setting the table for tea when the door-bell rang, announcing Mr. Davenport's return. The next moment Clara was groping her way to the hall-door to admit him. Seizing his hand she was going to lead him to the dining-room to show him all the improvements, but Georgina anticipated her.

"You must first see my room, papa," and throwing open the door she ushered him into the little drawing-room, as she persisted in naming it. She smiled as she saw the pleased look with which he surveyed it.

"The *coup d'œil* is very pleasing," he said; "you have shown your usual taste in arranging the furniture."

"But, papa, one thing is wanted; we can scarcely do without it."

"What is that, my dear? I do not see how you can crowd more furniture into this small room."

"Oh, it wouldn't be in the way! it could be placed over the mantle-piece; a mirror there would look so well."

"I dare say it would, but I cannot afford to buy one; the idea is absurd, Georgie, in our present circumstances; I have already laid out too much to gratify your expensive taste, and a mirror is an article we must dispense with."

"But the mantle-piece looks so bare," urged Georgina, "and we have no ornaments to put on it. What a curse the want of money is! One can never gratify a luxurious taste."

"You have an innate love of what is beautiful and luxurious, Georgie, and that without the means of gratifying it will, I fear, be a source of unhappiness to you."

"But I may be rich some day, papa, and then you will see how I shall make the money fly and buy all kinds of expensive things."

"I know you will be very extravagant if you ever possess riches, Georgina," observed her father gravely; "I wish you were more like Emily, economical and inexpensive in all her ways."

"Oh, Emily is a paragon!" was Georgina's ill-natured remark. Her father's frequent praise of her eldest sister was distasteful to her, and she had not yet forgotten her severe remarks relative to her unhappy attachment to Delamare. "But what is to be done with that bare looking wooden mantle-piece!" she continued irritably. "If it were marble it might do without ornaments, but as it is merely painted wood it requires something to set it off and take away the bare look."

"Why not put some of those beautiful and rare shells Walter Avenell sent us from India?" suggested Mr. Davenport.

"Really that is a good idea! they will be better than nothing," and Georgina flew upstairs to procure them, while Clara led her father to the door of the sitting-room, there pausing a moment to let his eye take in all the improvements which had been made in his absence during the day.

"What a metamorphose! Really, Emily, you have done wonders! When I left you this morning in the midst of confusion I did not think that even your skill and perseverance could effect such a change—could give to such furniture a respectable appearance and produce a comfortable home-look in this back region; Georgie's room is all for show, yours for comfort!"

It was with feelings of heart-felt gratitude that Mr. Davenport seated himself in his arm-chair and began this evening to enjoy once more the comforts of home. A bright fire burned on the hearth, adding its cheerful blaze to enliven the room, while its ruddy glow fell on the happy face of the blind child rocking herself in her little chair, enjoying its pleasant warmth. Emily was busy preparing tea, and Georgina had come in from the drawing-room—having arranged her shells to her satisfaction—and seated herself on the rug before the fire, for the evening was chilly. It was a pretty home-scene, such as would have gladdened the heart of Dr. Seymour could he have glanced in upon it. He would have felt that the happiness this family now enjoyed was, as it were, his gift. They were indebted to his kindness and generosity for it. What a pity there are so few Dr. Seymours in the world! so few philanthropists like him to lighten the burden of life which presses so heavily on the masses.

"I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Seymour to-day," observed Mr. Davenport. "I met her with the doctor in Notre Dame Street."

"What kind of person is she?" inquired Georgina eagerly, while Emily's eyes asked the same question.

"She seems very agreeable, is fine-looking, too, with a pleasing countenance and courteous manner. She is, I understand, a French Canadian. She inquired when my young ladies would be prepared to receive visitors."

"Ah! she intends to call then!" was

Georgina's joyful exclamation. "I am glad of that. She will, I hope, introduce us into society." And again hope sprang up in the girl's heart. In society it was not improbable that she should meet Dr. Delamare.

"Has Dr. Seymour any family?" asked Emily.

"I think not. There was a young man with him to-day, a nephew of Mrs. Seymour's, the doctor said as he introduced him. His name is Lascelles. His father was an Englishman of good family. His mother and Mrs. Seymour were sisters. Both his parents are dead. He would be a good *parti*," added Mr. Davenport, significantly looking at Georgina.

"Is he handsome?" she asked carelessly. "I can't say he is; he struck me as being particularly homely; he is, however, very gentlemanly."

"He will just suit Emily; you know she does not admire handsome men," observed Georgina, with something of her old playful manner.

"Well, Eugene Lascelles is plain enough to please her peculiar taste," rejoined Mr. Davenport, smiling.

"Eugene!" repeated Georgina, "what a pretty name! Does he live in Montreal?"

"No; he resides on the other side of the St. Lawrence, in the Eastern Townships, near St. John's. What a beautiful country Canada is! I really had no idea it was so well worth seeing," Mr. Davenport continued, after a pause "and Montreal is so romantically situated on the banks of a magnificent river, with that picturesque mountain in the back-ground."

"It does not equal Quebec in grandeur of scenery," remarked Emily.

"I allow that, but its situation is excellent for commercial advantages; it will one day be a great city. The view from the foot of the mountain is really fine. I walked in that direction this afternoon. You see the whole city below you—that splendid French Cathedral recently built looming up proudly above the other architectural piles—the majestic St. Lawrence and the remote mountains beyond looking so blue in the distance! But I see tea is ready, and I am anxious to partake of some of the good things Emily has provided, for my walk has given me an appetite."

CHAPTER V.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

THE next day Georgina excused herself from attending to any more household duties on the plea that Mrs. Seymour might call, and she must not find her *en deshabille*. Dressed in her best attire, she seated herself in the drawing-room to wait her arrival. The hours of the afternoon passed wearily away, and carriages drove past the house, but none stopped at Mr. Davenport's door. For two days—during which Georgina sat in state, irritable and impatient—she was doomed to disappointment, but on the third afternoon Dr. Seymour's handsome equipage was seen to stop before the house, and Georgina was no longer to suffer from hope deferred. Emily, always neat in her appearance, made but little alteration in her dress before she joined the visitors. The difference between the two sisters struck the Doctor forcibly as he contrasted their style of dress, and confirmed him in his first impression that if Georgina was the beauty of the family, Emily was assuredly the "Angel of the household." Mrs. Seymour was a kind-hearted woman, worthy to be the wife of the benevolent physician. She seemed much pleased with Emily, but was evidently fascinated by Georgina. When she rose to receive her as she entered the room she burst upon her sight like a poetic vision. She thought she had never seen any one so radiantly beautiful. Georgina saw the impression she had made, and determined to improve it. All the evil points in her character were thrust back far out of sight, and she tried to appear very amiable to her new acquaintance. Mrs. Seymour expressed a wish that the sisters would often visit her, and offered to call next day and take them for a drive round the mountain. Georgina gladly accepted the offer, but Emily excused herself as she had yet many little duties to attend to which could not be neglected.

"What a superb girl that Georgina Davenport is!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour as she and the doctor drove from the door. "She is a perfect angel!"

"Not much of an angel, in my opinion, though she is so beautiful," drily observed her husband. "Emily is nearer akin to such celestial beings. You do not show your usual discernment, Hermine."

"Oh, I allow the eldest is a sweet, interesting creature; but Georgina is peerless! I am sorry Eugene was not with us to-day, he will certainly fall in love with her."

"He will do no such thing, or he is not the man I take him to be! Eugene has sense enough to prefer her more amiable sister."

"Well, time will show which opinion is correct. There are few men who would not be captivated by such dazzling beauty."

If Mrs. Seymour could have peeped behind the scene when her carriage drove from the door, Georgina would have lost much attraction in her eyes.

"Was there ever anything so provoking!" she exclaimed, an angry discontented frown replacing the radiant smile with which she had bowed to her visitors as they drove away.

"What is the matter?" asked Emily in surprise.

"Mrs. Seymour has invited me to drive with her to-morrow, and I have nothing fit to wear. I would look quite shabby seated beside her. Did you notice how elegantly she was dressed?"

"She will not expect you to dress so fashionably," was Emily's quiet answer. "She knows our circumstances."

"She will expect me to make a respectable appearance," retorted Georgina, petulantly.

"And so you will. Your wardrobe was pretty well supplied before we left England."

"I tell you I have nothing stylish, and if we are to mix with Mrs. Seymour and her set I must have a more fashionable outfit."

"What is it you require so much, Georgie?" asked Mr. Davenant, now re-entering the room and overhearing her last remark.

Georgina explained the necessity for a new outfit. Mr. Davenant's face lengthened.

"How much money do you want?" he asked, drawing out his purse.

"Really I cannot say how much, papa. I don't know anything of the price of dress goods out here, but I shall get nothing but what is absolutely required to enable me to make an elegant appearance."

"Georgie, you are too extravagant," remonstrated Mr. Davenant. "The outfit you think necessary is beyond my means."

"Then I shall stay at home, and send a note to Mrs. Seymour telling her I have nothing fit to wear," rejoined Georgina, sullenly.

"Papa, let me have your purse, and I think I can get Georgina what is really requisite without spending much money," interposed Emily.

Mr. Davenant placed his purse in the hands of his eldest daughter with the grave remark, "I wish she had your economy and self-denial, dear."

"Now mind! you're not going to put me off with something cheap and unfashionable," was Georgina's observation, as the two sisters sallied forth on their expedition, the arrogant beauty closely veiled, determined not to let her beautiful face be seen in the streets of Montreal until she could make her debut in all the glory of fashionable attire, seated in Mrs. Seymour's handsome carriage.

Some of the articles of dress Georgina wished for were purchased in Notre Dame Street, and the following day her vanity was fully gratified as she drove through the principal streets of the city, for every eye was attracted by her rare beauty. Mr. Lascelles occupied a seat in the carriage at his own request, for he felt a strong curiosity to see the young English girl about whose beauty his aunt Hermine raved. To her great surprise he did not seem much attracted by Georgina Davenant; he acknowledged, however, that she was singularly handsome, but her gorgeous beauty did not captivate him. Mrs. Seymour thought her husband must have prejudiced his mind against her favourite, and she accused him of it. A roguish smile flashed over his face as he replied:

"I was only putting him on his guard—merely repeated the vulgarism about beauty being only skin deep."

"And you extolled Emily to the skies, I suppose?"

"Not at all. I only told what I knew of her, and described our first meeting. Emily's actions speak for themselves. Eugene, like a sensible man, is half in love with her already, and very anxious to make her acquaintance. When will you ask the Davenants to spend an evening with us, Hermine?"

"In a few days after they return our call. You know we must observe something of etiquette."

"Hang etiquette! The world would get on much better without it," was the doctor's blunt rejoinder.

Weeks rolled on very pleasantly for the Davenants. The friendship of the Seymours was a source of constant enjoyment. The girls were introduced into society, and in this new pleasant life Georgina had less time and inclination to indulge her secret grief. She struggled more against it and gradually the bitterness of her disappointment became less poignant and her mind recovered much of its cheerful tone. But the love for Delamare was only subdued—crushed down, yet still smouldering beneath the ashes on her heart's altar where the fire had burned so brightly, and whenever she did allow her thoughts to dwell upon the fascinating object of her girlish idolatry the old despairing anguish flowed back upon her spirit and it seemed as if nothing—neither time nor absence nor neglect could banish his image effectually from her thoughts or "break the chain by which she was so darkly bound." She still clung to the hope that she might meet him in society notwithstanding her frequent disappointment, and it was this cherished hope which led her so eagerly to mix in the gayeties of Montreal life, to which, through the kindness of Mrs. Seymour, she had free access, for that lady took an almost maternal pride in the beautiful girl she chaperoned, hoping one day to see her well settled in life.

Her hope that her nephew Eugene would make Georgina an offer of his hand was destined to be disappointed, and Dr. Seymour's prediction that he would prefer Emily Davenant to her more beautiful sister was verified. Every succeeding interview served to strengthen the favourable impression she had made, and the young man became warmly attached to her, but his *affaire du cœur* progressed slowly owing to the freezing indifference with which Emily received his attentions.

There certainly was nothing very attractive about Eugene Lascelles, his plain face had not even fine eyes to redeem its ugliness, yet it was a good face, Emily thought, and she liked the young man well enough as an acquaintance, although she could not return the affection with which she knew he regarded her. The truth is Emily Davenant had no heart to give, hers was buried in the grave of a former lover.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Brigham Young has just invoiced his stock of children again, and thinks there are 68 in all.

A recent letter says that the new echo at Lake George is punctual, and as an Irish accent.

Shakespearean reader to Mr. Fahrenheit's thermometer: "Down, down, thou climbing sorrow."

An Ohio journalist has written the heading, "Another Lie Nailed," 37,000 times during his long career.

Copper-toed fans are sold for the benefit of young ladies who have no one to love, and who chew the stuffing out of any other kind in one evening when a hop is in progress.

It is said that a farmer in Western New York has cleared \$900 by burying wooden Indian cigar signs for a few months and then digging them up and selling them to colleges for petrified Mohicans.

A man out West says he moved so many times during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at the gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be thrown in.

A Peruvian surgeon has earned almost a fabulous sum by shaving off the little toe of the ladies, thus making for them a very small foot. Ladies look upon the little toe as an absurd superfluity of nature.

As so many articles in every day use are manufactured of paper, it is asked if a paper beefsteak cannot be invented to take the place of the leather ones common at boarding houses.

There is a man down East, a rather facetious fellow, whose name is New. He named his first child Something.—Something new. The next child was named Nothing; it being nothing new.

Joaquin Miller is to lecture in New England next fall. By way of an advertisement he has deserted and been divorced from his wife, has got engaged to a Scotch peeress, and wears a shirt with pink boa-constrictors writhing on a green ground.—*Chicago Post*.

A Connecticut woman was prevented from attending the funeral of her sister by the non-arrival on time of a lace handkerchief from New York. The brutality of the express company is severely commented upon by the neighbours.

A young lady lately wrote H. G., asking the best remedy for dandruff. The great farmer replied: "Use a rotating harrow, if the surface is rolling, until the soil is well loosened; then seed down with Canada thistles. If this fails go further West, where Indians are plenty and frisky. They remove dandruff by a simple remedy, and warrant it never to return."

There were green peaches on exhibition before one of our markets Thursday, and there was a melancholy interest in listening to the observations of people as they passed the stand. "Our Charley went to a better world with three of them," said one lady in a broken voice. "They made me an orphan," observed a rugged young man, wiping his eyes. "We'll meet above, dear Danny," and the young couple who said it hurried tearfully by. "My old man pegged out on them things," gasped a venerable lady from the suburbs. And thus the mournful procession glided on.—*Danbury News*.

The Cleveland Leader makes a distressingly funny story out of a family affair in that city. The wife purchased one of the Greeley fans and took it home, where she happened to leave it on her husband's pillow, when she dropped to sleep. The poor fellow came home from his cups and saw by the side of his wife "the features of a bald-headed, gray-haired man, whose flushed face betokened guilt and poor liquor."—Angered to desperation, he pulled out his revolver, and fired two shots at the thing, when his wife woke up in terror, and he, seeing his ridiculous situation, endeavoured to make her believe that he understood it at first.

An Ohio Teuton, found guilty of selling liquor contrary to law, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days, protested as follows: "Chail! Me go to chail! But I can't go! Dere's my pizness—my pakery! Who pakes my preat when I ben gone!" Then casting his eyes about the court-room appealingly, they fell upon the good-natured face of jolly Chris. Ellwaner, a fellow countryman who had no "pizness," and forthwith a brilliant idea occurred to him. Turning to the Court he said in sober earnest: "Dere's Chris. Ellwaner! He's got nothing to do; send him!"

STEAM ENGINE JOKES.—Engineer Stone, or "Old Rock," as he is more generally called among his acquaintances, who runs on the east end of the Peoria and Oquawka Railroad, is a natural wag, dry as a chip. One day "Rock" met with a party of the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Railroad boys at Peoria junction, and they stepped into Sam Emery's for a "social" glass of beer. Conductor Hedges of the St. Louis road, as a sort of sentiment gave: "Old Rock, otherwise Stone, a perfect brick." "That is very good," exclaimed Stone. "Here is to old Brush, otherwise Hedges, a perfect stick." The next that was seen of "Rock" he was pursuing a "2:40" gait toward his engine, and Hedges with a big stick close on his rear. This is not quite so good as the repartee of Nick Denton, while a division engineer on the Illinois Central, at a festival, several years ago, in De Witt County. A fellow, named Jack Wallace, gave as a toast, "The Two Nicks—Old Nick and Nick Denton." The table came down with a clatter. Nick arose, as grave as a judge, and when the noise had subsided, he said he fully appreciated the honour conferred on him in connection with Jack's most intimate friend! He hardly knew how to requite the kindness, but as one good turn deserves another, he would give: "The Two Jacks—Jack Wallace and Jackass!" Jack collapsed, and the company went into hysterics.

"Max Adler" relates the following story: There is a baffled old man in Williamsport, and he is disgusted, too. It seems that he learned that his daughter intended to elope upon a certain evening with a lover upon whose suit he frowned. So he locked his child up in her room, and sat down stairs listening for the sound of the lover's carriage wheels. But that disgraceful young man tied rags around the ties of his sulky, so as to muffle the noise, and he drove softly up to the back gate. He then sent a boisterous rickety hack around to the front, and engaged the man to make so much racket as he could for the money. When the infuriated father heard it he rushed out with a shot gun, just in time to see a female figure jump into the hack and drive off. He fired two rounds of buckshot at the concern; rushed out and got his horse and started in pursuit. Meanwhile the insidious outcast who loved his daughter persuaded her to slide down the lightning rod and then he fled away with her in the opposite direction from that in which the enraged parent had gone. The bereaved old man caught up with the hack about eighteen miles out of the town, and he not only shot the driver but he burst the door open, and dragged forth a man dressed in a water-proof cloak. He was immediately arrested for highway robbery and assault and battery with intent to kill, and the prosecutors say they will press the suit unless he comes down with a handsome dowry for his daughter, and then gives the couple a parental blessing. There is no use of trying to explain the mental condition of the old man. The English language is copious and vigorous and all that; but it fails utterly in these extreme cases.

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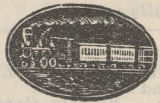
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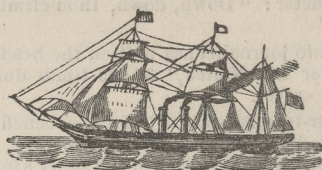
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